The Ontario Readers

Second Reader

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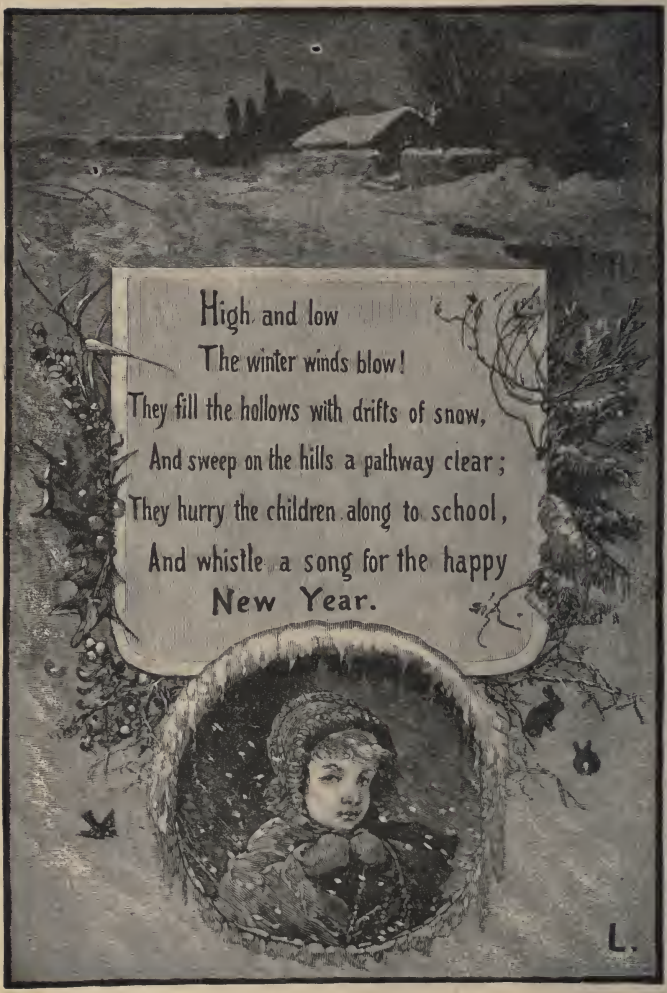
THE

ONTARIO READERS.


High and low
The winter winds blow!
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hills a pathway clear;
They hurry the children along to school,
And whistle a song for the happy
New Year.
L.

How the Winds Blow. *See page 161.*

The Ontario Readers

SECOND READER.

AUTHORIZED FOR USE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO BY THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

TORONTO:
W. J. GAGE & CO.
1885.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, by the Minister of Education for Ontario, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

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PREFACE.

1. The pupil who has passed through the two parts of the First Reader should be familiar with most of the phonic constants of the language. He should also be able, if he has thoroughly reviewed his work, to spell many words of abnormal phonetic construction. In the Second Reader, the arrangement of lessons with reference to the phonetic construction of words has been discontinued. The pupil must now acquire orthoepy and orthography, by the study of the individual words of the lessons, as they occur. The teacher must help him to acquire the former; to acquire the latter, he can, by careful study, do much for himself. To this end, the lessons have been arranged, with respect to the words which they contain, as far as possible, in order of simplicity.

2. Care, too, has been taken to grade the lessons with respect to the difficulty in the thoughts which they express. As many lessons as possible of a conversational character have been inserted, as it is through such selections that pupils acquire the power of reading with expression. Pronunciation, enunciation, articulation, inflection, and emphasis should all receive careful attention.

3. It is hoped that the lessons devoted to natural objects will prove interesting to the pupils, and supply them, at the same time, with useful information. The selections in poetry will, it is believed, not only form excellent reading lessons, but also furnish the pupils with pure and beautiful sentiments, and inspire them with a love of what is good and true.

4. The illustrations have not been inserted merely for pictorial effect. As in the earlier books of the series, so in this, it is intended that they should form the subject of conversation between the pupils and the teacher, and thus be the means of elucidating the lessons.

5. To assist the teacher in testing the pupils' knowledge of the reading exercises, words and phrases have been collected at the

ends of the prose selections in which they occur, in "Word Exercises" and "Phrase Exercises."

The "Word Exercises" should be used as test exercises in pronunciation. When necessary, the teacher should aid the pupil in pronouncing the words correctly. Many of them have been divided into syllables and accented, and, when the words thus divided have been likely to suggest a wrong pronunciation, the true pronunciation has been indicated by phonetic spelling. By this means, the pupil will insensibly acquire a knowledge of diacritical marks, which will be useful to him in subsequent study, and many pupils too, will be able to obtain the correct pronunciation of these words without the teacher's aid. The words should also be used as exercises in oral spelling and in writing to dictation. They should, too, form the basis of exercises in accurate definition. In all cases the true meanings of the words should be elicited from the pupils, not be given to them by the teacher. Conversation, with illustration, and appeal to experience, will generally secure this result. Having defined the words for the teacher, the pupils should be required to write them in an orderly manner on their slates, and to use them in the construction of simple sentences.

6. The "Phrase Exercises" are also intended to serve as exercises in oral spelling, in writing to dictation, and in defining. When the phrase is printed partly in Italics, it is meant that the italicised words alone are to be defined. When printed wholly in Roman type, the phrase as a whole is to be defined. The definition should be accepted, if the phrase is correctly explained, although the explanation be couched in the child's vocabulary. This is better than requiring exact dictionary definitions. Further, the teacher should cause the pupils to frame simple sentences containing the phrases.

7. In these exercises, the teacher should not confine himself to the words and phrases which have been prepared. He should use his judgment in determining how much more of this sort of intellectual exercise should be gone through with, than has been provided for.

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MARKS USED IN WRITING AND PRINTING.

A Comma [,] is a mark used to denote the shortest pause in reading ; as, He was feeble, old, and gray.

A Semicolon [;] is a mark used to denote a pause a little longer than that required by a comma ; as, Well, yes ; he is a good boy.

A Colon [:] is a mark used to denote a pause a little longer than that required by a semicolon ; as, It is a fine day : let us take a walk.

A Period [.] is a mark used at the end of a sentence to denote a full stop in the reading ; as, I saw him. It is also used after an abbreviation ; as, Dr. D. Robertson.

An Interrogation Mark [?] is used to denote that a question is asked ; as, Who told you that ?

An Exclamation Mark [!] is used after words or sentences that express strong feeling ; as, Oh no ! the thought I cannot bear.

A Dash [—] is a mark used to denote a sudden change in thought ; as, He did not know—How could he know ?—that his father was dead.

An Apostrophe ['] is a mark used to denote the omission of a letter ; as, Don't, 'Tis. It is also used to show ownership ; as, John's hat.

A Hyphen [-] is a mark used to separate syllables ; as, De-fer : or, to denote that two words are joined to form a compound word ; as, Rail-road.

Quotation Marks [" "] are points used to show that the exact words of another are used ; as, "No," said Tommy, "but I can learn."

A Parenthesis [( )] is used to enclose words employed for explanation ; as, John (that was the boy's name) ran off to sea.

An Acute Accent ['] is a mark used to show the syllable on which the stress of voice is placed ; as, Re-turn'.

A Grave Accent [`] is a mark used to show that the syllable over which it is placed receives a separate pronunciation ; as, Callèd.

THE MILL. *See page 61.*

SECOND READER.

LESSON I.

LITTLE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight,—
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child;
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

—*W. Blake.*

LESSON II.

THE IDLE BOY.

"WHEN I was a boy at school," said an old man, "I was often very idle. Even while at my lessons, I used to play with other boys as idle as myself. Of course we tried to hide this from the teacher, but one day we were fairly caught.

"'Boys,' said he, 'you must not be idle. You must keep your eyes on your lessons. You do not know what you lose by being idle. Now, while you are young, is the time to learn. Let

any one of you, who sees another boy looking off his book, come and tell me.'

"'Now,' said I to myself, 'There is Fred Smith. I do not like him. I will watch him, and if I see him looking off his book I will tell.'

"Not very long after, I saw Fred looking off his book, so I went up and told the teacher.

"'Aha!' said he, 'how do you know he was idle?'

"'Please, sir,' said I, 'I saw him.'

"'O you did, did you? And where were your eyes when you saw him? Were they on your book?'

"I was fairly caught. I saw the other boys laugh, and I hung my head, while the teacher smiled. It was a good lesson for me. I did not watch for idle boys again."

Word Exercise.

i'dle	young	learn	laugh (*laf*)
lose	school	watch	teach'er

Phrase Exercise.

1. While at my lessons.—2. Of course.—3. We were *fairly caught.*—4. Where were your eyes?—5. A good lesson for me.

All that you do, do with your might;
Things done by halves, are never done right.

LESSON III.

NELL'S LETTER.

DEAR Grandma,—I will try
to write
A very little letter;

If I don't spell the words all right,
Why, next time I'll do better.

My little rabbit is alive,
And likes his milk and clover,
He likes to see me very much,
But is afraid of Rover.

I have a dove, as white as snow,
I call her "Polly Feather";
She flies and hops about the yard,
In every kind of weather.

The hens are picking off the grass,
And singing very loudly;
While our old peacock struts about,
And shows his feathers proudly.

I think I'll close my letter now,
I've nothing more to tell;
Please answer soon, and come to see,
Your loving, little Nell.

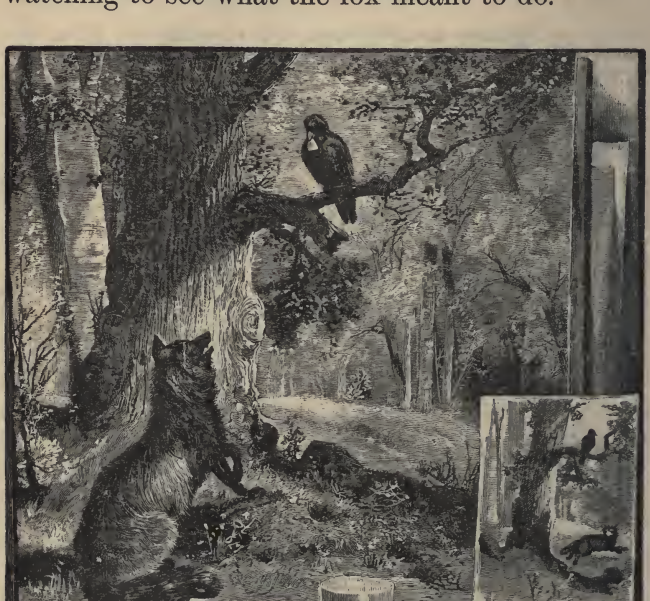
LESSON IV.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A CROW one day found a piece of cheese in the market-place, and flew with it in her bill to the branch of a tree, where she could eat it in peace.

A sly old fox saw the crow, and made up his mind to get the cheese from her. But, as he could not climb the tree, he puzzled himself for some time to find a way to get at it.

At last he went and sat down at the foot of the tree; then, crossing his legs and giving his tail a toss, he began to talk with the crow, who was watching to see what the fox meant to do.



"What a fine creature you are!" he said. "I never saw such glossy, jet-black feathers. You are the most lovely bird that I have ever seen."

The stupid crow, quite pleased with all these fine words, thought what a comfort it was to hear the truth so well told.

The fox went on a little longer: "You are all I have said, and more; but, do you know, I have never heard you sing? If your voice is as fine as the dress that you wear, you are the wonder of the world. Will you not raise your voice a little, and let me hear you?"

In answer to the fox, the crow, who had now grown quite proud of herself, stretched her neck, and opened her bill with a loud "Caw!"

Down fell the cheese to the ground. The fox made a spring at it, and in a moment he had eaten it up; then off he ran into the woods, without so much as saying "Good-bye."

As he went off, the silly crow heard a laugh which told her, as plainly as could be, what a goose she had been.

Word Exercise.

piece	cheese	pleased	comfort
climb	feathers	stretched	(*kum'furt*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Eat it *in peace.*—2. Made up his mind.—3. *Puzzled* himself.—4. To find a way.—5. Fine creature.—6. Fine words.—7. Fine voice.—8. Wonder of the world.—9. Raise your voice.—10. What a goose she had been.

LESSON V.

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get these arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all come to be just you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I'm here.

—*George Macdonald.*

LESSON VI.

THE BLACK BEAR.

HERE is a picture of a black bear.

Some bears are black, some are white, and others are brown. Bears are covered with long, thick hair, which keeps them very warm. Men hunt bears for their skins. From these skins, coats and other things are made, which are useful in winter. The flesh of the bear is good to eat, and an oil is made of his fat.

The black bear is a good climber. He makes his home in a hollow tree or cave. He is very fond of wild fruit, of which he finds plenty in the woods. He is very fond of honey, and when he finds a hive of wild bees, he is sure to take all they have.

The wild bees make their hives in hollow trees, and the bear finds them by the smell of the honey. When he finds a hive, he climbs the tree, and for hours and hours, he gnaws away at the bark and the wood. After a while, he makes a hole large enough to let in his paw.

Of course, the bees do not like this. They buzz around the bear, and try to sting him. But his skin is so thick, and his hair is so long, that he does not mind the stings of the bees. He puts his great paw through the hole into the hive, and pulls out large pieces of the comb, which holds the honey. He never stops until he has taken all the poor bees have in their hive, and has left them without any food for winter.

When winter comes, the bear creeps into a hole or cave, and there he makes a soft bed of leaves and twigs. When the snow comes, it covers the mouth of the hole or cave, where the bear lies snugly hidden. He closes his eyes, and seems to

sleep through the whole winter. In the spring, when the snow is gone, and the green leaves come out, and the birds begin to sing again, the bear wakes from his long sleep. Then he sets out once more to roam about the woods, hunting for fruit and hives of wild bees.

Word Exercise.

roam	pieces	pict'ure	enough (*e-nuf'*)
gnaws	honey	cov'ered (*cuv*)	through (*thrōō*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. *Good* to eat.—2. *Fond of* fruit.—3. To let in his paw.—4. *Does not mind* the stings.—5. Lies *snugly hidden.*

LESSON VII.

NELL AND HER BIRD.

GOOD-BYE, little birdie !
Fly to the sky,
Singing and singing
A merry good-bye.

Tell all the birdies
Flying above,
Nell, in the garden,
Sends them her love.

Tell how I found you,
Hurt, in a tree ;
Then, when they're wounded,
They'll come right to me.

I'd like to go with you,
If I could fly;
It must be so beautiful,
Up in the sky.

Why, little birdie—
Why don't you go?
You sit on my finger,
And shake your head,
"No."

He's off! O how quickly
And gladly he rose!
I know he will love me
Wherever he goes.

I know,—for he really
Seemed trying to say,
"My dear little Nelly,
I can't go away."

But just then some birdies
Came flying along,
And sang, as they neared us,
A chirruping song;

And he felt just as I do,
When girls come and shout
Right under the window,
"Come, Nelly,—come out!"

It's wrong to be sorry;
I ought to be glad;
But he's the best birdie,
That ever I had.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

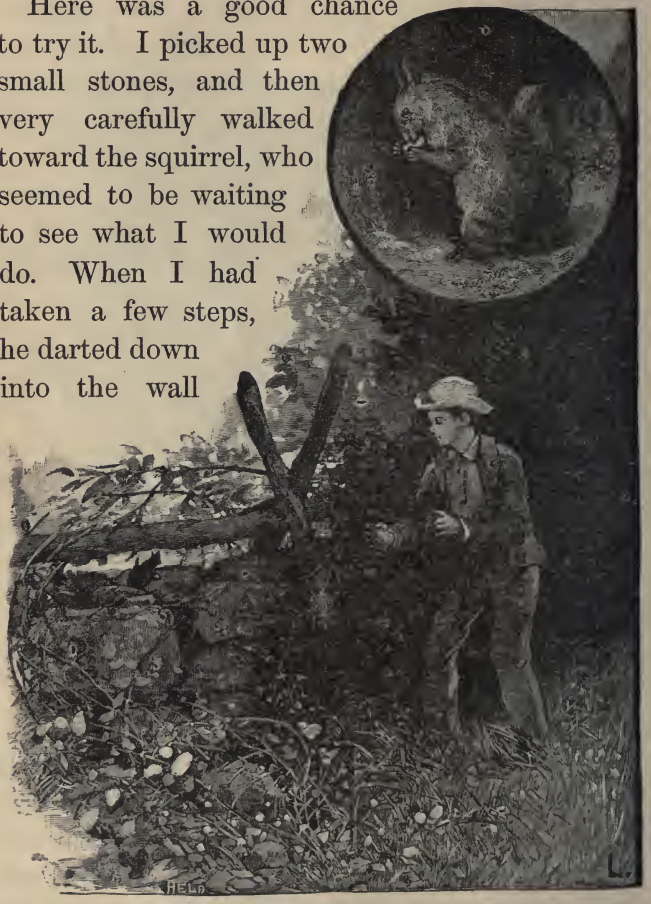
LESSON VIII.

THE BOY AND THE CHIPMONK.

ONE day, when I was a boy, as I was coming from the fields, I saw a small, striped squirrel, on the fence. I had been told some things about these little animals,—that they would pop their heads out of their hiding-places at the slightest

noise, and that one might come quite near them by gently tapping on a fence or a wall, with a stone.

Here was a good chance to try it. I picked up two small stones, and then very carefully walked toward the squirrel, who seemed to be waiting to see what I would do. When I had taken a few steps, he darted down into the wall



with a chirp, as if to say, "No, you can't catch me."

I took two or three steps more toward the place where he had been sitting, moving as quietly as I could, stood quite still for about three minutes, and then began to tap the stones together very gently. In a short time, up came the little head out of the wall. I stopped tapping, and very carefully took a step or two more toward the little fellow, as before. I had now got within six feet of him, when down he went again into the wall out of sight.

After a while I took one of the stones and gave three or four gentle taps upon the wall. No reply. In a moment or two I repeated the noise. Presently I heard a scratching in the wall, and soon the little head came up not two feet from me. I wanted to scream with delight, but I did not dare to move. There we were,—the squirrel and myself,—looking into each other's faces for at least half a minute.

Once he gave a single chirp, and braced his feet firmly on the rock, as if ready to jump back into his hole if I came any nearer. But I kept very still, and, after another long stare, the squirrel picked up the corn I had put down, gave another chirp, and ran into the wall. Of course I was delighted. The next day I tried it again, and the

squirrel came out sooner than before. Within a week, I could plainly see that he was growing tame.

I always fed him at the same place, and about the same time of day, taking good care that the dog was not near, and no one about but myself. In a few weeks, Tommy, as I called my squirrel, would take corn from my hand. But now and then, I gave him other things to eat. Before the autumn leaves fell, the little creature would go all over me for his food, and even down into the great pockets of my coat.

One day, about a year after I first saw Tommy, I missed my little friend as I came home from the field. I thought little of his absence then; but, as day after day went by, and still there were no signs of my squirrel, I began to feel troubled about him. I had not seen him for more than two weeks, and wondered what had become of my pet. One day a boy passed along the lane with a gun. I asked him if he had found any game.

"Well, no," was his answer. "The squirrels are very scarce. I was up this way a few days ago, and shot a few chipmonks."

I knew what had become of my squirrel at once. The boy little knew how much pain his answer

gave me. He soon went on toward home, and I sat down upon the ground and had a hearty cry. Since then I've never felt that I could shoot a squirrel, and I am sure that all little boys and girls who read this story will feel so, too.

Word Exercise.

fence	an'swer (*ser*)	striped	hearty
chance	ab'sence	walked	tap'ping
towards (*to'ardz*)	au'tumn (*tum*)	troubled	scratch'ing
	squir'rel	de-light'ed	chip'monk (*mungk*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Slightest noise.—2. Moving quietly.—3. In a moment or two.—4. Scream with delight.—5. Long stare.—6. Growing tame.

LESSON IX.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-WHIT! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"Bobolink! Bobolink!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog; "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow!
I gave hairs the nest to make;
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog; "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean anyhow!"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word to you!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line;
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep; "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so!"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day."

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again!
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again!"

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, 'for shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."
"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel."

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast.
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

—*Lydia Maria Child.*

Be kind in all you say and do,
That others may be kind to you.

LESSON X.

THE WHITE BEAR.

IN another lesson you have read about the black bear. In this lesson you will learn something about the white or polar bear. In the cold, cold North there is nearly always snow on the

ground. Even in summer it is very cold, and great pieces of ice float about in the sea. There is the home of the white bear.

He does not mind the cold, for he has a coat of thick fur to keep him warm. He walks about in the deep snow, and seems to like the cold air as well as you do the warm sunshine. He never slips on the ice as you do, because the soles of his feet are covered with long hair. He walks as softly as if he had on a pair of fur boots. He always lives near the sea, for he likes to swim in the water.

There, too, he finds plenty of fish and seals to eat. He likes to catch a seal for his dinner. He roams about until he finds a place where the water is clear of ice. He knows that this is a place where a seal is likely to come up for air. So he keeps very quiet and watches.

By and by, up comes the round head of a seal. Soon he crawls out upon the ice, and after a while goes to sleep. Then the bear creeps softly along towards the seal. He makes no noise because of the long hair on his feet.

If the seal wakes up and looks around, the bear falls flat upon the ice and lies very still, till the seal, thinking there is no one about, goes

to sleep again. The bear does this again and again, till at last he is near enough to spring upon the seal and fasten his long, sharp claws in his body, as you see him doing in the picture. He then kills and eats him.

Sometimes he jumps into the water after a fish, and is so quick that he catches it before it can get away. When he can not find food in this way, he goes to some place where the snow has melted and feeds on berries. If he can not find any berries, he is glad to eat even the sea-weed that grows along the sea-shore.

The white bear does not sleep all through the long winter like the black bear. Where the white bear lives, it is winter nearly all the time. Men hunt these animals for their skins, which they make into coats and other things.

Word Exercise.

noise	ber'ries	fasten	les'son
po'lar	catch'es (*ez*)	(*fas'sn*)	din'ner

Phrase Exercise.

1. *Home* of the bear.—2. Does not *mind* the cold.—3. He *roams about.*—4. Keeps very quiet.—5. Creeps softly along.—6. To *spring* upon the seal.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

LESSON XI.

THE LITTLE KITTENS.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that."
"I will have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You shall not have that mouse!" said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the angry old woman was sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

LESSON XII.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT WAS ALWAYS "GOING TO."

I WONDER if any of us ever saw this little girl. She did not mean to be a naughty girl, as she loved her father and mother, and would have been very sorry to disobey them. She wished to do well, but she did not carry out her good wishes. When told to do anything, or to go anywhere, she would say, "I'm going to," for, she meant to do it, and thought she would do it *soon*, but then she would forget all about it. Her good and kind mother thought she would try to cure her.

One morning, this little girl came running in, with the string of her hat torn off. "Please, mother, will you sew my hat-string on? The wind keeps blowing my hat off, and I can't keep it on." "Yes, my dear," said her mother, "I'm going to;" but she went quietly on with her own work.

The little girl waited a minute or two, and then said, "Now, mother, please will you?" "Yes, my dear, I'm going to," was the answer; but still the mother went on and on. "Oh, mother, please do it now," said the little girl. "Oh," said her mother, "I thought it would do soon, but as you want it at once, I must do it." This made the little girl think for a minute, but she soon got her hat again, and off she ran into the garden to play with the big dog.

Soon the mother called to her girl, to tell her dinner was ready, and that she must come at once. "Yes," said the girl, "I'm going to," and off she ran for another romp with the faithful old dog. She forgot all about dinner, but in she came running, and feeling very hungry, just as it was over.

Her mother was just going into the garden to speak to the gardener, when up ran the little girl. "Please, mother, give me some dinner; I am so

hungry." "Yes, my dear, I'm going to," said her mother, but on she went towards the garden.

Then the little girl thought of what she had been doing, and running up to her mother, and sobbing, she said, "Dear mother, do give it me now; I am so hungry." And the big tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Then this good mother, taking up her child in her arms, and kissing away the tears, said to her, "Now, my dear, you see how wrong it is not to do what you are asked to do at once.

"You see how unhappy you would be, if I always said to you, when you asked for anything, 'I'm going to,' and then forgot all about it. You would often feel very hungry, and your home would be very sad. I hope you will try, my child, to obey directly, and break off this bad habit of always saying, 'I'm going to.'"

Word Exercise.

sew (*sō*)	ready	naugh'ty (*naw*)	sob'bing
meant	minute	faith'ful	dis-o-bey'
wonder	(*min'it*)	hungry	gardener

Phrase Exercise.

1. Going to.—2. *Carry out* her good *wishes.*—3. Try to cure her.—4. At once.—5. *Just* as it was *over.*—6. *Good* mother.—7. Obey directly.—8. *Break off* this *bad habit.*

LESSON XIII.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree;
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"O, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"O, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you know? Don't you see?
But long it won't be,
Unless we're as good as can be."

—*Lucy Larcom.*

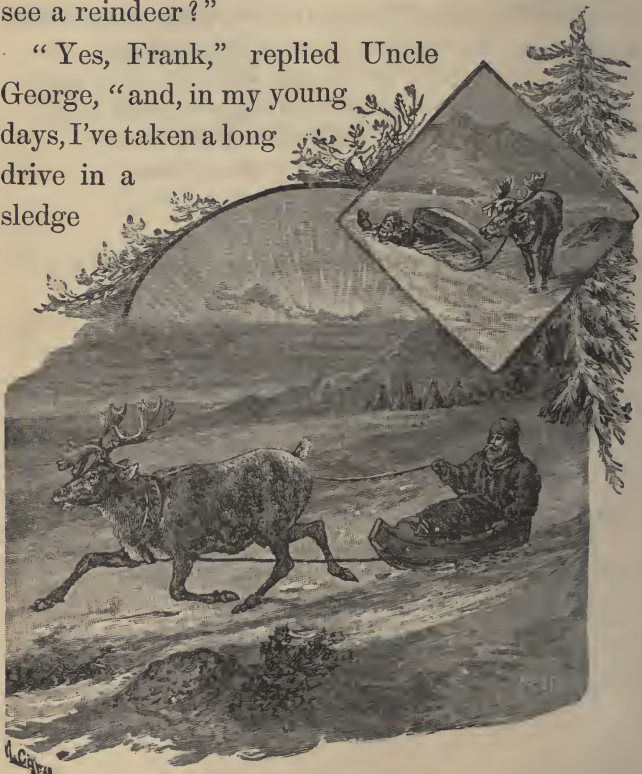
Dare to do right, dare to be true.
The failings of others can never save you.

LESSON XIV.

A REINDEER DRIVE.

"UNCLE GEORGE," said Frank, "did you ever see a reindeer?"

"Yes, Frank," replied Uncle George, "and, in my young days, I've taken a long drive in a sledge



drawn by a reindeer, many and many a time."

"Where?" inquired Frank.

"In the far north, in a country called Lapland, where the people live in curious little huts, and dress mostly in the skins of reindeer," replied Uncle George.

"O do tell me about your visit there," said Frank, earnestly.

"Well," said Uncle George, "when I first reached Lapland, I visited some of the people, and learned much about them. They are smaller than the people of this country. They make the skins of reindeer into hats, coats, boots, beds, and many other things. They use the reindeer to draw them about from place to place on their sledges, and they also eat his flesh.

"It is always very cold and dreary in that country, and snow covers the ground for nearly all the year. The people I visited were very kind. They set out a dinner of black-looking bread and reindeer meat, both of which I found very good, and enjoyed eating.

"After dinner I made ready for a reindeer drive. I put on a heavy coat of reindeer skin and my fur-lined boots. The sledges are shaped very much like boats. They are about five feet long, one foot deep, and one and a half feet wide. In riding, you sit upright against the backboard, with

your legs stretched out on the bottom. The only harness a reindeer has, is a collar of reindeer skin and a rope. The rope passes under the body of the deer, between the legs, and is fastened to the front of the sledge. He is driven by a single rein, fixed to the left horn, and passing over the back to the right hand of the driver.

"When all was ready, I seated myself, took proper hold of the rein, and started. The deer gave a leap, dashed around the corner of the hut, and ran down the hill. I tried to catch my breath and to keep my place, as the sledge, bounding from side to side, went flying over the snow; but I could not do it. In a moment I found myself rolling in the loose snow, with the sledge, bottom upward, beside me. The deer was standing still, with a look of stupid surprise on his face.

"I got up, shook myself, turned the sledge over, and began again. Off we went like the wind, down the hill, the snow flying in my face and nearly blinding me. My sledge made great leaps, bounding from side to side, until I suddenly found myself off the road, out of the sledge, and deep in the snow. I was choked and nearly blinded, and had small snow-drifts in my sleeves and pockets.

"But I brushed the snow off, and took a fresh

start. I was nearly thrown out again as I flew down the hill below the hut; but, I found that I could keep my place, and began to enjoy my ride. My deer now dashed away much faster than before. I was alone on the track. In the gray Arctic twilight, my sledge was gliding swiftly over the snow, with the low huts I had left behind me scarcely seen in the distance. I drove on, mile after mile, enjoying very much my first reindeer drive in Lapland."

Word Exercise.

col'lar	choked	reached	scarce'ly
dreary	sled'ges	vis'it-ed	rein'deer
Arc'tic	har'ness	twi'light	sud'den-ly
stu'pid	cu'ri-ous	Lap'land	ear'nest-ly
sleeves	sur-prise'	in-quired'	(*er*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Dress *mostly* in skins.—2. Nearly all the year.—3. *Set out* a dinner.—4. Found very *good*.—5. I made ready.—6. Took *proper hold*.—7. *To catch* my breath.—8. Look of *stupid surprise*.—9. Took a fresh start.

LESSON XV.

WILL AND THE BEE.

ONE morning, Will, a thoughtless boy,
Who cared for naught but play,
Went out into the pleasant fields
To pass an idle day.

At work among the pretty flowers,
  There flew a busy bee.
"O stay!" cried Will, "and sing your song,
  And play to-day with me!"

With solemn hum the bee sped on,
  As if the hours were few;
To idle Will made this reply—
  "You see I've work to do."

"And do you never wish," said Will,
"To rest the long day through?"
"No day is long," the bee replied,
"To those with work to do."

"If you, a bee, have much to do,"
For Will thus thought it o'er,
"Why, then, a boy, with hands to work,
Should surely have much more.

"There must be work for me to do!"
And Will sprang to his feet;
"Work on, dear bee, an idler, me
You never more shall meet."

LESSON XVI.

TEA.

TEA, coffee, and cocoa, from which we make such pleasant drinks, are all of them some part of a plant; and they are brought to us in ships by sailors from lands far away over the seas.

Most of our tea comes from China; and the part of the tea-plant that is used is the leaf. We can easily see this for ourselves, if we look carefully at what is left in the teapot, after all the tea is poured out.

If we take one of the little brown scraps, and unfold it gently, we can see it is either a leaf or

part of a leaf, long and narrow, with rather jagged edges.

Now the tea-leaves look very unlike the tea that came from the grocer's; that was hard and crisp and black. But how did it get to look like that? What did the Chinaman do to it?

In April, when the leaves are ready to be picked, the Chinaman and his wife and children go out into their garden, and pick the first young leaves off the tea-plants. These make the very best tea; and they will get most money for it.

In May, a fresh crop of leaves shoots out, and the busy Chinaman, with his small, funny-looking black eyes, and long pigtail hanging down his back, sets to work again and picks these.

Another crop comes in June, and still another in August. But this last is the coarsest and poorest of all, and will bring very little money.

When the leaves are picked, they are dried slightly in the sun, in flat baskets; then they are dried again in metal pans, over a gentle fire. Afterwards, they are poured out upon a table, and the Chinaman rolls them, with his long, dark fingers, into the little black grains, which the grocer sells us.

The tea is packed in boxes, that have been lined with lead-paper; the boxes are sent down to the sea-coast, and away they are carried in swift ships, to all the countries of the world.

The next time you are in the grocer's shop, perhaps the shopman will be kind enough to show you a Chinese tea-chest. The outside is covered by a bright, many-colored pattern, and the chest is quite unlike what a Canadian carpenter would turn out of his workshop.

Word Exercise.

cof'fee	busy	sugar	juice
co-coa (*ko'ko*)	gro'cer	sail'ors	bas'kets
easily	Au'gust	pat'tern	coars'est
Chi'na	Chi-nese'	Ca-na'di-an	pleasant

Phrase Exercise.

1. Jagged edges.—2. *Fresh* crop.—3. Dried *slightly*.—4. *Gentle* fire.—5. Kind *enough*.—6. Would *turn out*.

LESSON XVII.

MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping in my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the part to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My Mother?

Oh no! the thought I cannot bear;
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

—*Ann Taylor.*

LESSON XVIII.

NO CROWN FOR ME.

"Will you come with us, Susan?" cried several little girls to a school-mate. "We are going to the woods; do come, too."

"I should like very much to go with you," replied Susan, with a sigh; "but I have not finished the task grandmother set me to do."

"How tiresome it must be to stay at home on a holiday to work!" said one of the girls with a toss of her head. "Susan's grandmother is too strict."

Susan heard this remark, and, as she bent her head over her task, she wiped away a tear, and thought of the pleasant afternoon the girls would

spend gathering wild flowers in the woods. Soon she said to herself, "What harm can there be in moving the mark grandmother put in the stocking? The woods must be very beautiful to-day, and how I should like to be in them!"

"Grandmother," said she, a few minutes afterwards, "I am ready, now." "What! So soon,

Susan?" said her grandmother, as she took the work, and looked at it very closely.

"True, Susan," said she, laying great stress on each word; "true, I count twenty turns from the mark; and, as you have never deceived me, you may go and amuse yourself as you like the rest of the day."

Susan's cheeks were scarlet, and she did not say, "Thank you." As she left the cottage, she walked slowly away, not singing as usual.

"Why, here is Susan!" the girls cried, as she joined them; "but what is the matter? Why have you left your dear, old grandmother?" they tauntingly added.

"There is nothing the matter," replied Susan. But, as she repeated these words, she felt that she was trying to deceive herself. She had acted a lie. At the same time, she remembered her grandmother's words, "You have never deceived me." "Yes, I have deceived her," said she to herself. "If she knew all, she would never trust me again."

When the little party had reached an open space in the woods, her companions ran about enjoying themselves; but Susan sat on the grass, wishing she were at home confessing her fault.

After a while, Rose cried out, "Let us make a

crown of violets, and put it on the head of the best girl here."

"It will be easy enough to make the crown, but not so easy to decide who is to wear it," said Julia.

"Why, Susan is to wear it, of course," said Rose; "is she not said to be the best girl in school, and the most obedient at home?"

"Yes, yes; the crown shall be for Susan," cried the other girls; and they began to make the crown. It was soon finished.

"Now, Susan," said Rose, "you must wear it in a very dignified way, for you are to be our queen."

As these words were spoken, the crown was placed on her head. In a moment she took it off, and putting it on the ground, said, "No crown for me! No crown for me! I do not deserve it."

The girls looked at her in surprise. "I have deceived my grandmother," said she, while tears ran down her cheeks. "I altered the mark she put in the stocking, that I might join you in the woods."

"Do you call that wicked?" asked one of the girls.

"I am quite sure it is; and I have been miserable all the time I have been here."

Susan now ran home, and as soon as she got there, she said, with a beating heart, "O grandmother! I deserve to be punished, for I altered the mark you put in the stocking. Do forgive me; I am very sorry and unhappy."

"Susan," said her grandmother, "I knew it all the time; but I let you go out, hoping that your own conscience would tell you of your sin. I am so glad that you have confessed your fault and your sorrow."

"When shall I be your own little girl again?" "Now," was the quick reply, and Susan's grandmother kissed her forehead.

Word Exercise.

scar'let	de-cide'	dig'-ni-fied	o-be'di-ent
cot'tage	vi'o-lets	forehead	companions
de-ceive'	con'science	*(for'ed)*	*(kum-pan'yuns)*

Phrase Exercise.

1. Too strict.—2. *Gathering* flowers.—3. Looked at it closely.—4. As she *joined* them.—5. *Tauntingly* added.—6. *Trust* me.—7. Confessing her fault.—8. *Altered* the mark.

Truth is honest, truth is sure;
Truth is strong and must endure.

O, swift we go
o'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round;
When hoofs keep time
to music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.
L.

LESSON XIX.

A SONG OF THE SLEIGH.

On a winter's night,
When hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein
And sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.

O, swift we go
O'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round
When hoofs keep time
To music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

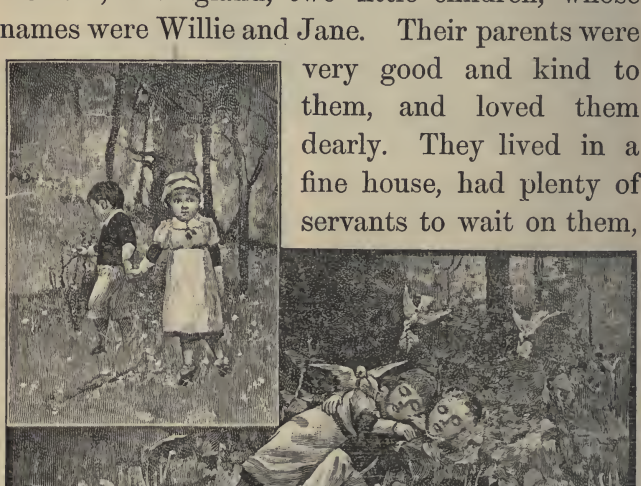
With a laugh and song
We glide along
Across the fleeting snow;
With friends beside,
How swift we ride
On the beautiful track below!

O the raging sea
Has joys for me,
When gale and tempests roar!
But give me the speed
Of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.

LESSON XX.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

A LONG time ago there lived, in the county of Norfolk, in England, two little children, whose names were Willie and Jane. Their parents were very good and kind to them, and loved them dearly. They lived in a fine house, had plenty of servants to wait on them,



and, in fact, had everything they could desire to make them happy.

When they were both quite young, Willie being only six, and Jane, four years old, their mamma was taken ill; and two days after their papa fell

ill also. They had caught a dreadful fever which was raging at that time, and the doctors said that there was no hope for them. It would not have grieved the parents to have died and left all their riches behind them, for they had been taught to love God before all things; but they were much grieved to leave behind them their two sweet helpless children. At last, one evening, the children were called to their parents' bedside to hear their last words, and to receive their dying blessing.

It was a sad sight, and the children wept many tears, although the poor things could not know what a loss they were about to suffer. Their uncle, a brother of their mother's, was there too. Their father's will was read, by which all his riches were left to the children; but in case they died first, their uncle was then to have all. The good mother kissed her little ones, then took them by the hand, and said to her brother :—

"Brother, take these dear little children. Be good to my poor boy Willie, and to my darling Jane. They have no friends now but you. I leave them to God and to you. If you are kind to them, God will repay you; but if you neglect them, you may be sure that God will not fail to mark your neglect."

The uncle said, "My dear sister, I will take care of them as long as I live, and they shall be to me like my own children. If I do harm to these poor orphans, I pray that God may never prosper me or mine."

After these sad speeches, the parents kissed their dear children again, and as they pressed their cold lips to the warm rosy lips of their little ones, they said gently, "God bless our little Willie —God bless our darling Jane;" and soon after God took the parents to himself.

As soon as the remains of their dear parents were laid in the grave, their uncle took the children to his own home. For a while he was very kind to them, and did everything he could to please and amuse them. But he was a wicked man, and soon forgot all that he had said to his dying sister; for he thought how all their riches might be his, if the poor little ones were only dead. He soon found out two bad men, who would do anything for money; and he agreed with them to take the little orphans away into a lonely wood, and there to kill them, where no one could hear their cries. So this wicked uncle went home and told a lie to his wife, who loved the little ones. He said that a friend in London, who had lost his own children,

wanted to take Willie and Jane to live with him, as he was so lonely. His wife, not knowing that this was a lie, agreed to let the children go, as she had some of her own, who needed all her care.

Next morning, a coach drove up to the door of their uncle's house, and the dear orphans, thinking they were going to London, kissed their aunt and uncle, and got into the coach with one of the bad men who had agreed with their uncle, while the other got up on the box to drive.

The man, who rode inside the coach, tried to amuse them with all sorts of prattle, for he had two little children of his own, about the same age. They chatted to him about London, and all the pretty sights they were to see, and were so good, that their pretty speeches melted his hard heart, and he began to repent that he had ever agreed to harm such sweet little darlings.

At last they came to the wood where the wicked deed was to be done, and the man who drove got down, and told the man Walter, who rode inside, that he had better get out, and let the children have a walk while the horses rested. The children jumped gaily out, and Walter, taking a hand of each in his own, led them along a pretty path into the wood. There they played about, and

picked the pretty flowers and the nice berries, and chased the gaudy butterflies, until they were tired, and all sat down to rest on a mossy bank. Walter was seated, full of painful thoughts, when Roland, the other bad man, came up, and bade him take the girl while he took the boy.

But Walter said, "Let us rather think what we are about to do, and do not let us be so wicked, but let us take the poor little ones home to some of our friends."

At this Roland got into a dreadful rage, and said that he would have his share of the money if Walter would not, and called him a coward, to be afraid of a child. With that he tried to seize Willie; but Walter drew his sword and stood before the child, and the two men began to fight, while the two timid children clung to each other, not knowing what it meant. At last Roland was killed; and as he fell dead, Walter turned to the children, and told them how that wicked man had wanted to kill them.

At this they cried; but Walter told them not to fear now, and he led them away farther into the wood. The poor things began to feel very hungry and tired; but Walter had nothing to give them, and was much puzzled to know what

to do with them. So they walked on and on till they saw a church-spire and heard the bells, although they were still far away from them.

Then Walter told the children to rest while he went to get them some food; and he went off to the town, but never came back to the little darlings. They played about, and watched the fishes in the brook; they picked the pretty flowers, and ate the berries; and although they looked and looked, yet no Walter could be seen. Their clothes were torn by the thorns, and their faces were smeared with crying and with the berries: surely no such lonely, sad little things were ever seen. They held fast to each other, for it began to grow dark and cold. They had no house to to go to now, no nice warm bed to creep into, and no supper to eat, and they were cold and tired and hungry. They heard the bells ringing far away; and, as they used to do at home, they knelt down on the grass, and put their tiny hands together to pray to God. And God heard them too; for he soon took them away from all wicked men, and brought them to their own dear mamma and papa again.

"Let us lie down under this bush," said little Jane, "for I am so tired."

"I am very tired too," said poor Willie, "and so cold. We will lie down close together until Walter comes with the food."

So they lay down under the bush, and Jane put her arms round Willie, and the little orphans cried themselves to sleep.

The night was cold, and the wind was bleak, and their blood was so chilled that the little darlings died, and God took them as angels up to heaven, away from all wicked things.

Two days afterwards a forest ranger was going through the wood, and saw the robins flying to and fro, and carrying leaves to what he thought must be their nest. Coming nearer, he saw the sweet babes clasped in each other's arms, and nearly covered with the softest leaves of the forest. Those dear, kind birds, the robins, that care so tenderly for their own children, were trying to bring back the warmth to these poor darlings, by covering them up from the autumn winds. But the poor children were now dead, and they no longer felt hunger or cold.

Word Exercise.

for'est	un'cle	or'phans	doc'tors
ranger	sword	thoughts	puzzled
gau'dy	prattle	re-mains'	a-greed'
pret'ty	neg-lect'	Nor'folk (*fōk*)	England

LESSON XXI.

THE MILL.

"ANY grist for the mill?'
How merrily it goes!
Flap, flap, flap, flap,
While the water flows.

Round about and round about,
The heavy mill-stones grind,
And the dust flies all about the mill,
And makes the miller blind.

"Any grist for the mill?"
The jolly farmer packs
His waggon with a heavy load
Of very heavy sacks.

Noisily, O noisily,
The mill-stones turn about;
You cannot make the miller hear,
Unless you scream and shout.

"Any grist for the mill?"
The bakers come and go;
They bring their empty sacks to fill,
And leave them down below.

The dusty miller and his men
Fill all the sacks they bring;
And while they go about their work,
Right merrily they sing.

Farmers, bring your wheat to-day,
And bakers, buy your flour,
Dusty millers, work away,
While it's in your power.

"Any grist for the mill?"
Alas! it will not go;
The river now is standing still,
The ground is white with snow.

And when the frosty weather comes,
And freezes up the streams,
The miller only hears the mill,
And grinds the grain, in dreams.

The miller's little boys and girls
Are glad to see the snow;
"Good father, play with us to-day;
You cannot work, you know.

"We will be the mill-stones,
And you shall be the wheel;
We'll pelt each other with the snow,
And it shall be the meal."

Oh, heartily the miller's wife
Is laughing at the door;
She never saw the miller work
So merrily before.

"Bravely done, my little lads!
Rouse up the lazy wheel!
For money comes but slowly in
When snow-flakes are the meal."

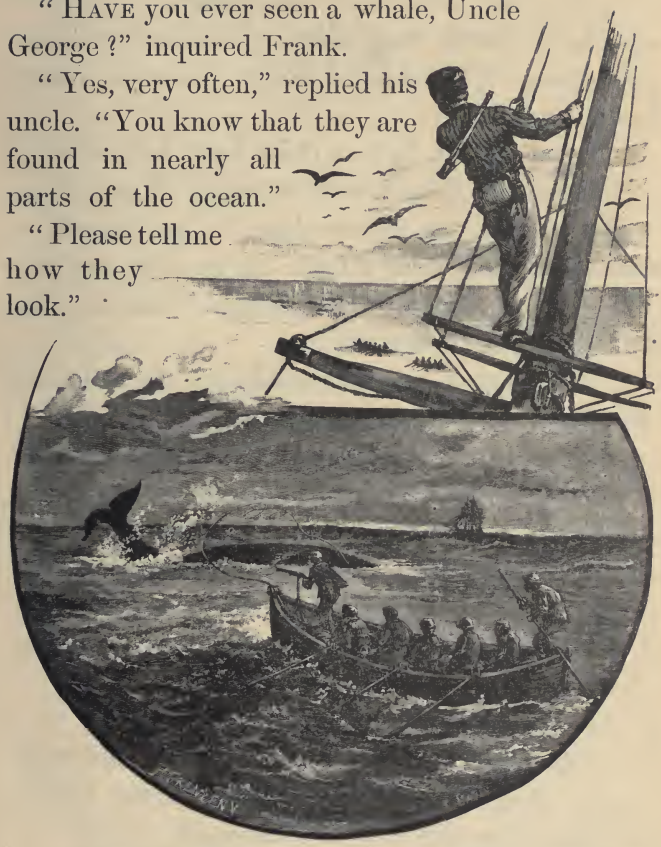
LESSON XXII.

THE WHALE.

"HAVE you ever seen a whale, Uncle George?" inquired Frank.

"Yes, very often," replied his uncle. "You know that they are found in nearly all parts of the ocean."

"Please tell me how they look."



"When they are lying quietly on the surface of

the water, you can not see very much of their bodies; you can see only the tops of their heads and their broad backs; but sometimes in their play they will jump out of the water. Then you see dark objects from sixty to seventy feet long. The crash of their bodies falling upon the water is like thunder."

"What a large fish it must be!" said Frank.

"It is not a fish, Frank, although many people call it so; but they are wrong. It has limbs that look like the fins of a fish; but a whale can not live under water as a fish does,—it has to come to the surface to breathe."

"Tell me about its breathing, uncle," said Frank.

"When a whale comes up to breathe, it throws a stream of water about twenty feet into the air, from two 'blow-holes' in the top of its head."

"O I have heard about that before!" said Frank. "That is the way sailors can tell that a whale is near. The man who keeps watch at the mast-head calls out, 'There she blows!'"

"Do you know how whales are killed!"

"Yes, uncle," replied Frank. "The sailors go out in small boats, so as to get near the whale, and then they kill it with harpoons."

"That is one way," said uncle George; "but

the new plan is to shoot the whale with a harpoon fired from a gun. This sometimes kills the whale at once, but it is very difficult to capture the whale in any way."

"I have heard," said Frank, "that a wounded whale is feared by the sailors, and can break a boat all to pieces with its tail, and will sometimes swallow a boat with the men in it."

Uncle George laughed heartily and replied: "A wounded whale is, as you say, feared by the sailors, and can, no doubt, break a boat in two. Its mouth is large enough to hold a boat, but its throat is only six inches round, and it can not swallow any thing larger than a small fish."

"Then why does it have such a large mouth?" said Frank.

"Because it needs a large mouth to gather its food. It catches many thousands of small fish; but if its mouth were small, and it had to take a few at a time, it would starve. Do you know what we find in the mouths of some whales?"

"Is it whalebone, uncle?"

"Yes, Frank. Sometimes the plates of bone in a whale's mouth weigh a ton. Now, what else do we get from the whale?"

"Oil," replied Frank.

"Yes, the oil is made from the inside or true

skin of the whale,—the skin which keeps the whale warm. Do you know of another name that is given to this skin?"

"Blubber, Uncle George. I have heard that it is good to eat."

"So it is, Frank—that is, for people in very cold parts of the world. I do not think that you would like it."

"I wish I could see a whale," said Frank.

"Perhaps you may, some time," said Uncle George.

Word Exercise.

ocean	wrong	ob'jects	wound'ed (*wo͞ond*)
limbs	har-poon'	blub'ber	thou'sands (*zandz'*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. *Lying quietly* on the *surface.*—2. *About* twenty feet.—3. Difficult to capture.—4. Laughed *heartily.*

WE can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day,
Whatso'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruit must see.

LESSON XXIII.

THE HARPER.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
Oh, remember your Sheelah when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to your poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure;
He constantly loved me although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks turned me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray!
And he licked me for kindness,—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away
I can never return with my poor dog Tray.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

LESSON XXIV.

COFFEE.

COFFEE is an evergreen plant; that is to say, the leaves of the plant are green all the year round. When it is found wild, it grows to a great height, —four or five times as high as a man; but, when

it is grown in gardens, it is not allowed to grow to a height of more than five feet, or about as high as a big boy. It is kept low, so that the work-people may be able to pick the fruit when it is ripe.

Coffee grows in nearly all the hot, moist countries of the world. Its leaves are thick, long, and shiny, and its small, snow-white flowers have a most delightful smell.

The fruit, which holds the seeds, when it is ripe, is very much like a red cherry, and is sweet and good to eat. Inside each fruit two seeds lie, just as the cherry-stone lies in the middle of a cherry, or the pips in the middle of an apple; and it is these seeds that we take and use as coffee.

Each coffee-plant gives no more than about a pound of seeds. When the fruit is ripe, it is picked and laid out in the sun to dry, and turned over and over very often; the outer part is then very easily rubbed off by the hand, or by wooden rollers.

As soon as the seeds are free from their fruity covering, they are spread out again in the sun to get still drier. Then the husks, which bind the two little seeds together, are rubbed off and blown away, just as the husks, or outsides of the grain, are blown away from the ears of wheat.

The coffee-seeds are then packed in bags, and sent down to the seaport to travel far away to all the countries in the world where coffee is drunk. We must not forget, that when the coffee-seeds are packed and sent off, they are grey,—not brown. They do not become brown till they are roasted, and, after they are roasted, they have to be ground to a powder.

Coffee is grown in Arabia and the East Indies, and in the West Indies and Brazil.

Word Exercise.

height	travel	fruity	Indies
people	spread	easily	Brazil
cherry	roasted	rōll'ers	Arabia

Phrase Exercise.

1. Found wild.—2. Moist countries.—3. Delightful smell. —4. *Gives about* a pound.—5. Easily rubbed off.

LESSON XXV.

SIR ROBIN.

ROLLICKING Robin is here again.
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
"Ha! ha! ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh,
"That isn't the best of the story, by half!"

Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
Dressed in orange-tawny and black and brown.

Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
He can always stoop to pick up a worm.
With a twist of his head, and a strut and a hop,
To his Robin-wife in the peach-tree top,
Chirping her heart out, he calls: "My dear,
You don't earn your living! Come here! Come here!
Ha! ha! ha! Life is lovely and sweet;
But what would it be if we'd nothing to eat?"

Robin, Sir Robin, gay, red-vested knight,
Now you have come to us, summer's in sight.
You never dream of the wonders you bring,—
Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
How all the beautiful By-and-by
Around you and after you seems to fly!
Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind!
Well have you earned every morsel you find.
"Ay! Ha! ha! ha!" whistles robin. "My dear,
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day:

Be good, my dear, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

LESSON XXVI.

THE LION.

THE lion is a noble-looking animal. He is found in Asia and Africa. The African lions are larger and stronger than those in Asia.

The lion belongs to the cat kind; that is, he is similar in form and structure to the cat. He is about eight feet long, and his height is about four feet and a half. The lion is of a tawny, yellow color, but some lions found in Persia are nearly black. The male lion has a fine mane. This grows longer and thicker as he becomes old.

The female lion is called a lioness. She is about one-fourth less in size than the male lion. Her form is more slender and graceful, and she has no mane. She is very fierce, and will defend her cubs with her life.

The lion seldom attacks any animal openly. During the day he lies asleep in some dark thicket in the forest. At night he comes out to seek his food. He lies down in the long grass near a stream, or pond of water, and waits until some animal comes to drink. As soon as he sees one drinking, he creeps slily through the reeds. Then with a spring and a loud roar, he jumps on the back of his victim.

He seizes his prey by the neck, as a cat does a mouse, and shakes it until it is dead. If he misses his aim, he seldom runs after his prey. He goes quietly back, and lies in wait for another animal. When he has seized the animal, he carries it off in his mouth to his den in the forest. He then feasts upon it as long as it lasts.

The strength of the lion is very great. One has been known to carry a horse in his mouth more than a mile from the spot, where he killed it. He often carries off young cattle, and has been seen to leap over a wall with one of them in his mouth.

The lion is very much afraid of man, and will not come near his dwelling-place, unless pressed by hunger. If one is known to be in the woods near a village, the men make a fire, and keep up a great noise all the night to drive him away.

The roar of the lion sounds at a distance like thunder. When cattle hear it, they rush about in great alarm.

If the lion is caught while young, he is very easily tamed. He is often taken about from town to town, in wild beast shows. The lion will perform many tricks at the command of his keeper, and will let him put his hand in his mouth.

Word Exercise.

Asia	Persia	fierce	stronger
(*ā'she-ă*)	(*per'she-ă*)	mouth	(*strong'ger*)
Af'rĭ-că	seized	car'ries	lioness

Phrase Exercise.

1. *Noble-looking* animal.—2. Similar in form.—3. Attacks openly.—4. Dark thicket.—5. Seizes his prey.—6. *Pressed* by hunger.—7. Great *alarm*.—8. Easily tamed.

LESSON XXVII.

LOST—THREE LITTLE ROBINS.

O, WHERE is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day,
And carried my three little birdies away?
They hardly were dressed,
When he took from the nest
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens! have you seen, in your travels to-day,
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little robins away?
He had light-colored hair,
And his feet were both bare.
Ah me! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

O butterfly! stop just one moment, I pray;
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little birdies away?
He had pretty blue eyes,
And was small of his size.
Ah! he must be wicked, and not very wise.

O bees! with your bags of sweet nectarine, stay;
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,
And carrying three little birdies away?
Did he go through the town,
Or go sneaking aroun'
Through hedges and by-ways, with head hanging down?

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray!
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay;
I'll sing all day long
My merriest song,
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolinks! did you see my birdies and me,—
How happy we were on the old apple-tree
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see?
Oh, how can I sing,
Unless he will bring
My three robins back, to sleep under my wing?

—*Mrs. C. F. Berry.*

LESSON XXVIII.

TOMMY AND THE CROW.

"I WILL not go to school," said little Tommy. "I will stay out in the fields and play all day long."

So he lay down on the soft, green grass, under a tree, and threw his books and slate on the ground by his side. It was the first day of May. The sun was shining, and the air was fresh and sweet, as it always is in Spring, and the songs of birds were heard on every side.

"I will not go to school," said Tommy again. "I do not like books and slates as well as green fields and May flowers; and this grass is very much softer than our seats at school."

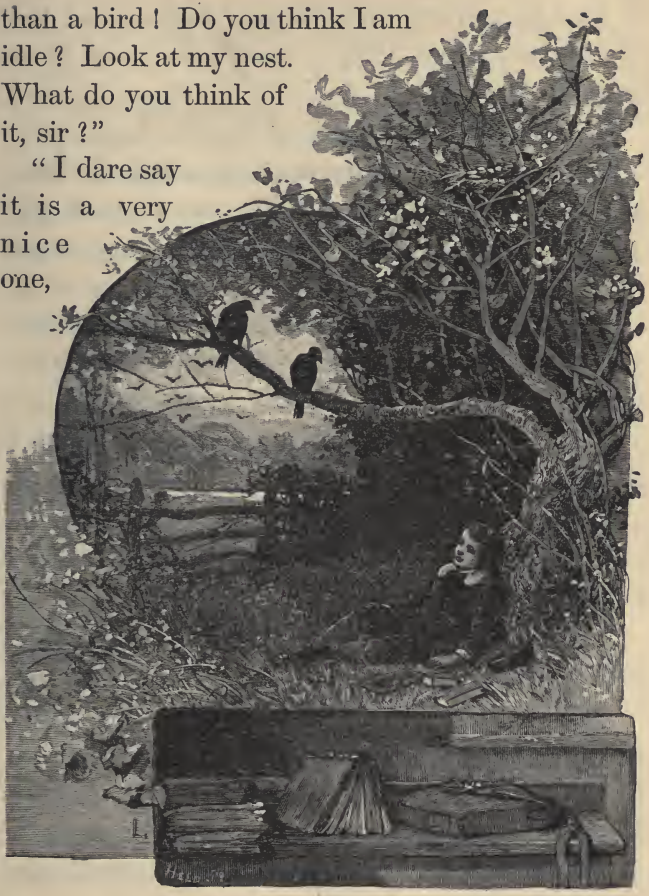
Just as he said this, he looked up into the tree, and saw two old crows sitting there, and close by them a nest, very much like a bundle of sticks.

"Here's a pretty dunce!" said one of the crows. "He says he won't go to school." And the birds began to say "Caw, caw," as if they were laughing at Tommy.

"What! You do not like to work?" said the crow again. "O you idle boy! You are worse

than a bird! Do you think I am idle? Look at my nest. What do you think of it, sir?"

"I dare say it is a very nice one,



Mr. Crow," said Tommy, "but I should not like to live in it."

"That is because you are only a boy, and not

so wise as a crow," said his new friend; and the other crow cried "Caw, caw, caw!" as if it thought so, too.

"Do you know why a crow is wiser than a silly boy?" asked the crow, putting his head on one side, and looking at Tommy with his bright, black eye.

"No," said Tommy. "I thought boys were wiser than crows."

"You thought!" said the crow; "a great deal you know about it! Can you build a house for yourself, pray?"

"No," said Tommy, "but when I am a man I shall be able."

"And why can't you do it now?" said the crow, turning his head to the other side, and looking at Tommy with the other eye.

"Why, I have not learned how to build one," said the little boy.

"Ho, ho!" said the crow, flapping his wings and hopping round and round. "He must learn how to build a house! Here's a pretty boy! Here's a wise boy!"

Then both the crows flapped their wings, and cried "Caw, caw, caw!" louder than before.

"No one taught me to build my house," said the crow, when they were quiet again. "I knew

how to do it at once. Look at it,—what a nice house it is! I brought all the sticks that it is made of, myself. I flew through the air with them in my mouth. Some of them were very heavy, but I do not mind hard work. I am not like a little boy that I know." And the crow shook his head and looked so hard at Tommy, that he felt as if his master were looking at him, and was quite afraid.

"But there are other things in the world besides houses," said Tommy.

"Yes, indeed," said the crow. "I was just thinking so. You want clothes, as well as a house."

"That we do," said Tommy, "and new ones very often. But you birds can't wear clothes."

"Who told you that?" said the crow in a very sharp tone. "Look at my coat, if you please, and tell me if you ever saw a finer suit of black than mine. Could you make yourself such a suit?"

"No," said Tommy, "but I can learn."

"Yes, yes, you can learn; but that is the way with you silly boys,—you must learn everything, and yet you are too idle to set about it."

Tommy felt that the crow had the best of it.

"Dear me," he said to himself, "I never thought crows were so wise and clever."

"You may well say that," said the crow, coming down to a bough, a little nearer to Tommy. "You may well say that, Master Tom; but there is more for you to learn yet. How about your food? Who gives you your food?"

"Why, mother does, to be sure," said Tommy.

"You are a baby, then?"

"No, indeed, I am not," said Tommy, "and I will throw a stone at you if you say I am."

"Boys should never throw stones," said the crow, very gravely. "We never throw stones. It is a very rude trick. I only asked if you were a baby, because, when a crow can go alone, he finds his own food."

"I shall do that when I am grown up," said Tommy. "I shall then learn how."

"Dear me," said the crow, "you have a great deal to learn before you will be as wise as a crow."

"That is very true," said Tommy, hanging his head; "but there is plenty of time."

"I am not so sure of that," said the crow. "You are as big as twenty crows, and yet you are not so wise as one. A pretty fellow to come here and lie on the grass all day, when you are such a dunce! Go to school, lazy Tom! Go to school! Go to school!"

Many other crows had by this time found their way to the tree, and they all took up the cry, and made such a noise that Tommy picked up his books to throw at them; but they all flew to the highest branches, where they perched and cried out "Caw, caw, caw!" till poor Tommy could bear it no longer.

He put his hands over his ears and ran off to school as fast as he could. He was just in time, and learned his lessons well. His teacher said he was a good boy, and Tommy went home quite happy.

As he passed by the tree under which he had been sitting in the morning, he saw the old crow perched on one of the branches, looking very grave.

"Come, come," said Tommy; "don't be cross, my old friend. I was going to throw my books at you this morning, because I was cross myself. You have taught me a good lesson, and we must be friends."

But the crow looked as if he had never said a word in his life, and had never seen Tommy before. He ruffled up his black feathers, fluttered his wings, and then flew slowly across the fields to join some friends in the woods beyond.

Tommy watched him until he was lost among the trees, and then went home and told his mother all about his talk with the crow; but she said birds did not talk, and that he must have gone to sleep while lying under the tree, and dreamed it.

But Tommy does not think so; and now, whenever he feels lazy, he says to himself, "Come, come, Master Tommy, you must work hard; for you are not yet so wise as an old black crow."

Word Exercise.

bough	asked	taught	flap'ping
clothes	laugh	a-fraid'	hop'ping
brought	bundle	perched	flut'tered

Phrase Exercise.

1. Pretty dunce.—2. I dare say.—3. Find his food.—4. When I am grown up.—5. Never said a word.—6. In the woods *beyond*.

I THINK there are some maxims
Under the sun,
Scarce worth preservation;
But here, boys, is one,
So sound and so simple,
'Tis worth while to know;
All in a single line,—
Hoe your own row.

—*Alice Cary.*

LESSON XXIX.

THE SQUIRREL.

I'M a merry, merry squirrel,
All day I leap and whirl
Through my home in the old beech-tree.
If you chase me I will run
In the shade and in the sun;
But you never, never can catch me.
For round a bough I'll creep,
Playing hide-and-seek so sly;
Or through the leaves bo-peep,
With my little shining eye.

Up and down I run and frisk,
With my bushy tail to whisk
All who mope in the old beech-trees.
How droll to see the owl
As I make him wink and growl
While his sleepy, sleepy head I tease!
And I waken up the bat,
Who flies off with a scream;
For he thinks, that I'm the cat
Pouncing on him, in his dream.

Through all the summer long
I never want a song
From birds in the old beech-trees.
I have singers all the night,
And with the morning bright
Come my busy, humming, fat, brown bees.

When I've nothing else to do,
With the nursing birds I sit;
And we laugh at the cuckoo
A-coo-cooing to her tit!

When winter comes with snow,
And its cruel tempests blow
All my leaves from the old beech-trees,
Then beside the wren and mouse
I furnish up a house,
Where, like a prince, I live at ease.
What care I for hail or sleet,
With my cosy cap and coat;
And my tail about my feet,
Or wrapped around my throat!

—*Norman Macleod.*

LESSON XXX.

SUGAR.

"AUNT MARY told me," said James one day to his father, "that sugar is made from the juice of a kind of cane that grows in certain warm countries. Will you please tell me what the sugar-cane looks like when growing?"

"It looks much like the corn you see growing in the country," said his father. "It usually grows from ten to twelve feet high, but sometimes it grows as high as twenty feet."

"How do they get the sweet juice out of the stalk?"

"They cut the tall stalks down, trim the leaves and top off, take them to a mill and pass them between huge iron rollers. This crushes the stalks as flat and thin as paper, and presses the juice out,"

"Do they get much juice from a single stalk?" said James.

"Yes, indeed! if the cane is good. From a hundred pounds of canes they sometimes get as much as seventy-five pounds of juice."

"But how do they make sugar from the juice?" inquired James.

"The juice, which looks much like dirty water, is heated in large iron or copper pans. The watery part of it is driven away by heat, and the sugar remains.

"After long and careful boiling, nothing remains but the crystals of sugar, which are then made white, and ready to sell."

"Isn't sugar made from anything else besides the sugar-cane?" inquired James.

"Yes, it is made from the sugar beet, the maple tree, and some reeds, and grasses."

Word Exercise.

beet	stalk	twelve	grasses
iron	dirty	crystals	nothing
huge	maple	crushes	(*nuth'ing*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Certain countries.—2. *Trim* the leaves *off*.—3. Crushes the stalks.—4. Single stalk.—5. *Made ready* to sell.

LESSON XXXI.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was poor, and old, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should knock her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back to his friends again he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, if she should stand

"At a crossing, weary, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

LESSON XXXII.

THE TIGER.

THE tiger is one of the fiercest animals found in the world, and yet it belongs to the same tribe as the quiet, gentle cat, that lies asleep before the fire. Lions, as we have seen, and leopards also, belong to the cat tribe.

All these animals live on flesh. They watch silently for their prey, and then, with a sudden bound, they seize it in a moment. We know how silently puss walks about the house. We have seen her suddenly pounce upon a poor mouse, and carry it off in triumph.

Tigers do just the same. Their feet, like the cat's, are padded and cushioned at the bottom, so that they can walk softly, and without any

noise. Tigers have whiskers too, just like Pussy, and these whiskers help them to feel their way.

We have all found out what a rough tongue Pussy has. The tongue of the tiger is like that of a cat, but much rougher. This roughness is very useful in eating flesh and cleaning bones. Indeed, the tiger's tongue is so rough, that if it were to lick the hand it would cause the blood to come, and if a tiger should once taste blood, it could not resist the temptation to get more.

A story is told of a tame young tiger once licking the hand of his master, who was asleep. The tiger only intended to show his love for his master, but the animal's rough tongue made blood come, and the pain awoke his master. He tried to draw away his hand, but a low angry growl told him of his danger. The tiger had tasted blood, and was no longer tame. All the wild passions of his nature had burst forth, and he must have more blood. His master knew the tiger's cruel nature, and was prepared. With his other hand he quietly drew a pistol from under the pillow, and shot the animal dead.

It is very well to have a pretty gentle cat as a pet in our house, but surely a tiger, however young and tame he may appear, is not a safe animal to have as a pet.

The color of the tiger is a light tawny brown, with beautiful black stripes or bars, which go nearly round the body. On the tail these stripes form complete rings. The under parts of the body, and the inner sides of the legs, are almost white. He has no mane, and his whole body, though not quite so tall as the lion's, is more slender and graceful. His head is also shorter and more rounded than that of the lion.

The tiger is a native of India and the Indian Islands. Some are found in the western parts of China. In India he reigns supreme as king of the jungle. The lions themselves are afraid of him. He can swim well, but cannot climb trees. When the female tiger has cubs, she will attack any man or beast, that goes near them.

The people, who live in those parts of the world where tigers and lions are found, are more afraid of the tiger than of the lion. When the lion has had enough to eat, he will not attack any other animal, but the tiger will kill anything that comes in his way. He does not run like most other animals, but bounds over the ground in long jumps; he can go faster than the swiftest horse.

The tiger is hunted with elephants and large dogs. The hunters sit on the backs of the

elephants in a kind of cage, and they march through the long grass of the jungle, until they meet with a tiger. Sometimes he will turn even on an elephant, and tear off the driver from his back.

This terrible animal has attacked soldiers on the march, and killed men working in the fields. A tiger has been known to run down the street of a village, pick up a little child at play, and carry it off. This kind of tiger is called "the man-eater." When one is known to be near a village, the men will form themselves into parties, and hunt him with guns, until they have killed him.

The best and safest place for us to see one of these cruel animals, is in the Zoological Gardens. If we watch him closely, as he walks up and down his large iron cage, perhaps growling at us, as if he would like to eat us, we shall find another point in which he resembles Pussy. We shall see that his claws do not touch the ground as he walks. He can draw them in just as Pussy can.

A cat can play with a child, and her feet are soft like velvet; but when Pussy is angry, out come her sharp claws, and give it a scratch, if it is not careful. Tigers can do just the same. So the cruel, terrible tiger is a very close relation to a gentle, purring Puss.

Word Exercise.

fiercest	prey	jungle	soldier
leopard	seize	islands	(*sōl'jer*)
(*lep'ard*)	mane	(*i'lands*)	elephant
cushioned	rough	triumph	zō'o-log'ic-al
(*kŏŏsh'und*)	pad'ded	(*trī'umf*)	(*loj*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Sudden bound.—2. Carry it off in triumph.—3. *Rough* tongue.—4. Resist the temptation.—5. *Cause* the blood *to come*.—6. Wild passions.—7. Cruel nature.—8. Reigns supreme.—9. Terrible creature.—10. Zoological Gardens.

LESSON XXXIII.

A LITTLE STRAY-AWAY.

The chill November day was done,
The working world home faring;
The wind came roaring through the streets,
And set the gaslight flaring;
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The scared old leaves were flying,—
When, mingled with the soughing wind,
I heard a small voice crying.

And, shivering on the corner, stood
A child of four, or over;
No cloak or hat her small soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover;
Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her wee, cold hand
A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while
She slipped in mine the other,
Half-scared, half-confidential, said,
"Oh! please, I want my mother."—
"Tell me your street and number, pet.
Don't cry; I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget:
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Miller's step,—
The monkey took the money;
I followed down the street because
That monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours
From one street to another;
The monkey's gone; I've spoiled my flowers;—
Oh! please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name? and what
The street? Now think a minute."—
"My mother's name is Mother Dear;
The street——I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house,
Or new,—not like the others?"—
"I guess you mean my trundle-bed,—
Mine and my little brother's?

"Oh dear! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers,—
He's such a baby he forgets;
And we are both such players;
And there's a bar between to keep
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep;
Oh dear! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy; people passed
All muffled, homeward faring.
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said at last, despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck:
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"—
"Why, don't you know?" she, smiling, said
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name!
My eyes, astonished, met it;
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might some time forget it;
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I should get lost without it."

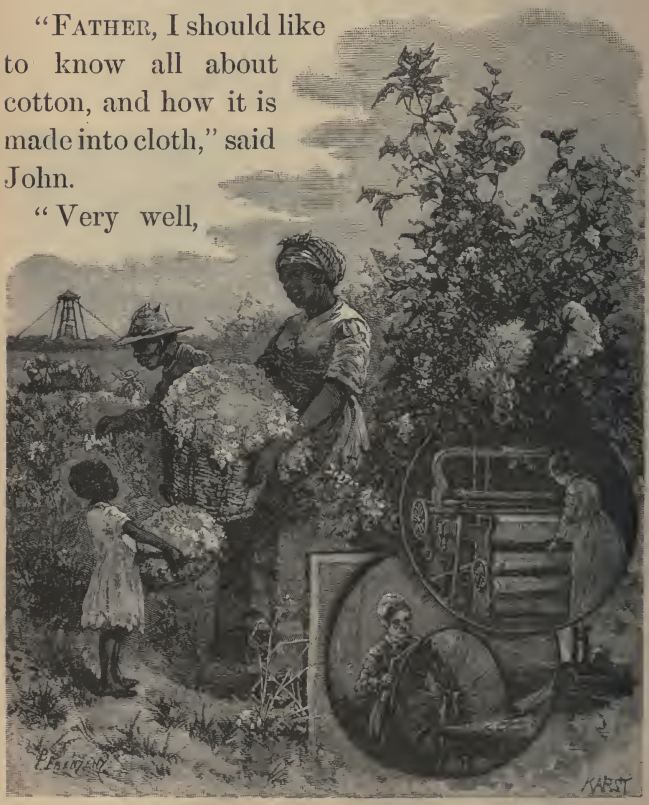
—*Eliza S. Turner.*

LESSON XXXIV.

COTTON.

"FATHER, I should like to know all about cotton, and how it is made into cloth," said John.

"Very well,



John," replied Mr. Wood. "I will try to answer any questions you may ask."

"Well, then, what is cotton?" inquired John.

"A soft down that grows in the boll or pod of a plant."

"Tell me about the plant, please."

"It is raised in the Southern United States, in India, in Egypt, and in some other countries."

"What does it look like?"

"Like a small tree;—cotton plants are often called trees. They grow from four to seven feet high and are planted in rows like corn. The bolls in which the cotton grows, open when ripe and show their white down."

"I have seen a picture of a cotton-field," said John. "There were some negroes picking the cotton, and carrying it away in baskets."

"They were taking it to a gin," said his father.

"What is a gin?"

"A machine to take out the seeds."

"Are there many seeds?" inquired John.

"So many, that before they used the gin, it was very hard work to make the cotton fit to use."

"Are the seeds, that are taken out, planted?" inquired John.

"No, they use other seeds for that purpose; but those that the gin takes out, are mostly used in making a very good oil. They are ground and

pressed, and what is left after the oil has been pressed out, is fed to cattle to fatten them."

"Then there is something made of cotton besides cloth," said John, "but you haven't told me about the cloth yet."

"We will come to that soon, John. After the cotton has been ginned, it is put up in large bales, and sent away by rail-road or steam-boat to the cotton mills."

"And there made into cloth?"

"First into thread, and then into cloth," said his father.

"How is it done?" said John.

"Hasn't your grandmother shown you her old spinning-wheel and loom, that she used in making woollen yarn and cloth, long ago?"

"Yes, I have seen them," said John, "and grandmother has told me about the way they were used, and that it took a long time to make a yard of cloth when she was a girl."

"Well, now, John, cotton is spun into yarn, and woven into cloth, in much the same way as wool, but, now-a-days, every mill has a large number of spindles to make thread; and as steam is used, the spindles move much faster and more steadily than in the old times. The looms, now

used for weaving the thread into cloth, do it better than your grandmother ever thought possible."

"Calico is made of cotton, is it not, father?"

"Certainly. The pretty calico dresses that you see are only cotton cloth printed in different colors."

"Is that all about cotton, father?" said John.

"Not quite. Can you tell me what we do with old cotton clothes?"

"O yes; we sell them to the rag-man to be made into paper."

"Very good paper, too, John; such as we can write on."

"I hope you will take me, some time, to see them make cloth and paper, too," said John.

"Yes I will," said his father, "and then you will be able to understand many things, that I cannot describe to you without your seeing them."

Word Exercise.

bōll	ne'groes	ginned	calico
weav'ing	de-scribe'	wool'len	cotton
questions	southern	machine	certain
(*kwest'yuns*)	(*sŭth'ern*)	(*mă-shēn'*)	(*ser'tin*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. It is *raised.*—2. *To make* the cotton *fit* to use.—3. *Put up* in large *bales.*—4. *Sent away* by rail-road.

LESSON XXXV.

GRANDPAPA.

GRANDPAPA'S hair is very white,
And grandpapa walks but slow;
He likes to sit still in his easy-chair,
While the children come and go.
"Hush! play quietly," says mamma;
"Let nobody trouble dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak,
It has worked hard all his days,—
A strong right hand, and an honest hand,
That has won all good men's praise.
"Kiss it tenderly," says mamma;
"Let every one honor grandpapa."

Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim;
They have looked on sorrow and death;
But the love-light never went out of them,
Nor the courage and the faith.
"You, children, all of you," says mamma,
"Have need to look up to dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's years are wearing few,
But he leaves a blessing behind:
A good life lived, and a good fight fought,
True heart, and equal mind.
"Remember, my children," says mamma,
"You bear the name of your grandpapa."

—Mrs. Craik.

THERE'S not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But, in its use or beauty, shows
True love to us, and love undying.

—Gerald Griffin.

LESSON XXXVI.

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

"WHAT'S the matter?" said Growler to the tabby cat, as she sat moping on the step of the kitchen door.

"Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head another way. "Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me. I wish heartily some one would hang her."

"Why, what *is* the matter?" repeated Growler.

"Hasn't she beaten me, and called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?"

"Dear, dear!" said Growler. "Pray what has brought it about?"

"Oh, nothing at all; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder they haven't hanged her long ago."

"Well, you see," said Growler, "cooks are awkward things to hang; you and I might be managed much more easily."

"Not a drop of milk have I had this day," said the tabby cat, "and such a pain in my side!"

"But what," said Growler, "what is the cause?"

'Haven't I told you?" said the cat, pettishly.

"It's her temper—oh, what I have had to suffer from it! Everything she breaks she lays to me—everything that is stolen she lays to me. Really, it is unbearable!"

Growler was quite indignant; but being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked, "But was there no particular cause this morning?"

"She chose to be very angry because I—I offended her," said the cat.

"How? may I ask," gently inquired Growler.

"Oh, nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine."

Growler looked at her with such a questioning expression, that she was compelled to say, "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

"Oh!" said Growler, much enlightened.

"Why, the fact was," said the tabby cat, "I was springing at a mouse, and knocked down a dish, and, not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and it was rather nice, and——"

"You finished it," hinted Growler.

"Well, I believe I should have done so, if that meddlesome cook hadn't come in. As it was, I left the head."

"The head of what?" said Growler.

"How inquisitive you are!" said the cat.

"Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

"Well, then, of a certain fine fish that was meant for dinner."

"Then," said Growler, "say what you please; but, now that I've heard both sides of the story, I only wonder she did *not* hang you."

Word Exercise.

enough	exactly	heart'i-ly	breakfast
(*e-nuf'*)	(*egz-akt'ly*)	man'aged	(*brĕk'fast*)
pet'tish	knocked	re-peat'ed	threatened
kitch'en	(*nokt*)	of-fend'ed	(*thrĕt'tend*)
awk'ward	com-plain'	in-dig'nant	re-flect'ive

Phrase Exercise.

1. Sat *moping.*—2. Nothing at all.—3. Being of a *reflective turn.*—4. First *gust of wrath.*—5. Particular cause.—6. Gently inquired.—7. Questioning expression.—8. Much enlightened.—9. *Meddlesome* cook.—10. How *inquisitive.*

I WOULD not hurt a living thing,
  However weak or small;
The beasts that graze, the birds that sing,
  Our Father made them all;
Without His notice, I have read,
  A sparrow cannot fall.

A soft answer turneth away wrath:
But grievous words stir up anger.

LESSON XXXVII.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night."

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed!
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night."

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the road:
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night."

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night,"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her evening prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

—Lord Houghton.

LESSON XXXVIII.

ELEPHANTS.

THE elephant, as we know, is not a graceful or a handsome creature; but we have no reason to be ashamed of him, for all that. His great heavy body is exactly fitted for its work. He is much stronger than any other animal, yet, in spite of his clumsy appearance, his touch is almost as light and delicate as that of a lady.

His trunk is one of the wonders of creation. He can use it to root up a tree, to pull off a branch, to pick up a nut, or to brush away a fly. By means of it he breathes, conveys food to his mouth, or draws up water, which he can use either for drinking, or for cooling himself by throwing it over his body.

His tusks are six or seven feet long; one has been found that measured fourteen feet in length. He is hunted and killed for these tusks, from which are made the ivory handles of pistols, knives, razors, and many other articles.

Elephants live together in large herds. They are mostly found in forests, near a river, in which they delight to bathe. They feed on grain, fruit, and the tender branches of trees. As they wander

from place to place, the male elephants go first, to make way for the young ones and the females. In swimming across a river, the old ones also go first, and the young elephants follow, clinging

together by means of their trunks, by which means, likewise, they are helped on shore.

In India, elephants are employed to do a variety of work, and no animal does its duty more faithfully. They carry goods from place to place,

over hills and steep mountains, and seldom injure anything given to their care. They can pile logs as well as a man. They also help to load boats, laying everything down gently and placing all in good order. If a bale should be unsteady, or if a cask should roll, they will bring a stone or a piece of wood to place under it.

An elephant can be taught to take a broom and sweep out a large yard. Indeed, he is so sagacious, and may be trained to so many different uses, that it is very little wonder that some of the natives of India look upon him as being gifted with reason.

On one occasion an elephant that had been trained as a builder was employed in laying large stones for a wall. As soon as a layer was finished, he made a sign to the overseer to come and look at it. If the work was done well, he was told to go on. After a while, however, the animal became tired, and did his work in such a careless manner that he was made to do it over again.

It was not done much better the second time; and the elephant, knowing this, tried to manage so as to deceive the overseer, when next he came to examine the work. Giving the usual signal, the cunning beast placed his big body close to the

wall, so as to hide the greater part of the careless work that he knew he had done. But his master was not to be imposed on, and ordered the animal to move. The elephant, seeing that his trick was found out, at once began to pull down the bad work without waiting to be told, and after that went on in the right way.

During a battle in India, an elephant, made furious by wounds which he had received, ran through the fields uttering the most frightful cries. A wounded soldier was lying directly in his way; but the elephant, instead of trampling him under foot, took him carefully up, placed him on one side of the road, and then rushed onward as before.

A painter, who wished to draw a picture of an elephant with its mouth open and its trunk erect, had his servant throw fruit into the animal's mouth in order to keep it in proper position. The servant sometimes deceived the elephant, which made the beast very angry; but, instead of taking vengeance on him, it threw a quantity of water over the painter's paper and spoiled the picture.

This may not seem to have been exactly just, but it is plain that the elephant had thought the matter over, and made up its mind that the master was the one in fault, and not the servant.

Word Exercise.

reason	touch	knives	injure
(*rē'zn*)	(*tŭch*)	(*nīvz*)	(*in'jur*)
grace'ful	i'vo-ry	ra'zors	a-shamed'
handsome	breathes	pis'tols	sagacious
(*han'sum*)	con-veys'	vengeance	(*sŭ-gā'shus*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Exactly fitted.—2. Clumsy appearance.—3. Wonders of creation.—4. Delight to bathe.—5. Steep mountains.—6. Seldom injure.—7. Gifted with reason.—8. Deceive the overseer.—9. Uttering frightful cries.—10. Lying directly.—11. *Took* him *carefully up.*—12. Exactly just.

LESSON XXXIX.

THE OSTRICH.

FAR away in Africa, where there is a burning sun overhead, with little else than sand under foot —in waste and desert places, where few animals can live,—is to be found a strange, large bird, six or eight feet in height, which, from its fancied resemblance to the camel, is sometimes called the "camel-bird." This strange bird is called the ostrich.

It has a long, narrow neck, almost bare of feathers. The wings are small, and cannot be used for flying, but they help it to run. Its legs are

long and very strong. The feet, which have but two toes, are something like a camel's, and can bear great fatigue. Its color is a rusty black, but its wings and tail-feathers are white.

The feathers of the ostrich are very beautiful, and are carefully preserved by the hunters, and sent to America and to Europe, where they are dyed and used to trim bonnets and hats.

The ostrich feeds on the tops of such plants as grow in the desert, and it can go a long time without water. Its cry sounds, at a distance, so much like that of the lion, that it is often mistaken for one.

Ostriches go about in small flocks. The females lay their eggs in one nest, each laying from ten to twelve. During the day they take turns in sitting

upon them, while the male takes this duty at night. He continues to watch over the young birds for some time after they are hatched, and to protect them from jackals, tiger-cats, and other enemies. These animals are sometimes found lying dead near the nest, having been killed by one stroke from the foot of this powerful bird.

Ostrich eggs are very good to eat, and one of them is equal to twenty-four hen eggs. They are about six inches in length, twelve in circumference, and weigh from three to four pounds. As said above, all the eggs in a nest are not laid by one bird.

The ostrich can run faster than the quickest horse. The Arabs, however, hunt it, and manage to catch it. When the hunter has started the bird, he puts his horse into a gentle gallop, so as to keep the ostrich in sight, without coming near enough to frighten it, and set it running at full speed. Finding itself pursued, it begins to run slowly at first. It does not run in a straight line, but in a circle, while the hunters, crossing the circle or running in a smaller circle, keep near the bird and do not tire their horses.

This chase is often kept up for a day or two, while the hunters take turns to rest their horses.

The ostrich at last becomes tired out and half starved, and finding it impossible to escape, tries to hide itself in some thicket, or buries its head in the sand, foolishly believing, because it cannot see, that it cannot be seen. The hunters then rush at full speed and easily kill the bird, but they take care that no blood is allowed to get on the feathers.

Word Exercise.

os'trich	dyed	circle	fatigue
Europe	gal'lop	bon'nets	(*fă-tēg'*)
(*u'rup*)	jack'al	fright'en	straight
hatched	(*-awl*)	A-mĕr'i-că	pur-sued'

Phrase Exercise.

1. Desert places.—2. Fancied resemblance.—3. Bear fatigue.—4. Carefully preserved.—5. *Trim* bonnets.—6. Twelve *in circumference.*—7. Impossible to escape.—8. Foolishly believing.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care,
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled a thousand parchèd tongues,
And saved a life beside.

—*Charles Mackay.*

LESSON XL.

GRANDMAMMA.

GRANDMAMMA sits in her quaint arm-chair;
Never was lady so sweet and fair;
Her gray locks ripple like silver shells,
And her placid brow its story tells
Of a gentle life, and a peaceful even,
A trust in God, and a hope in heaven.

Little girl May sits rocking away
In her own low seat, like some winsome fay;
Two doll babies her kisses share,
Another one lies by the side of her chair;
May is as fair as the morning dew,
Cheeks of roses, and ribbons of blue.

"Say, grandmamma," says the pretty elf,
"Tell me a story about yourself.
When you were little, what did you play?
Were you good or naughty the whole long day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white as snow?

"Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss,
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?
Did you have long curls, and beads like mine?
And a new silk apron with ribbons fine?"

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,
And laying aside her knitting, she said:
"Go to my desk,—a red box you'll see;
Carefully lift it and bring it to me."
So May put her dollies away, and ran,
Saying, "I'll be as careful as ever I can."

The grandmamma opened the box, and lo!
A beautiful child with throat like snow
Lips just tinted with pink shells rare,
Eyes of hazel, and golden hair,
Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls,—
Fairest and sweetest of little girls!

"O! who is it?" cried winsome May,
"How I wish she were here to-day!
Wouldn't I love her like everything!
Wouldn't I with her frolic and sing!
Say, dear grandmamma, who can she be?"
"Darling," said grandmamma, "I was she."

May looked long at the dimpled grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair, old face:
"How funny!" she cried, with a smile and a kiss,
"To have such a dear little grandma as this!
Still," she added, with smiling zest,
"I think, dear grandma, I like *you* best."

So May climbed up on the silken knee,
And grandmamma told her history:
What plays she played, what toys she had,
How at times she was naughty, or good, or sad.
"But the best thing you did," said May, "don't you see?
Was to grow a beautiful grandma for me."

MORNING HYMN.

FATHER, help thy little child;
Make me truthful, good, and mild,
Kind, obedient, modest, meek,
Mindful of the words I speak;
What is right may I pursue;
What is wrong refuse to do;
What is evil seek to shun—
This I ask through Christ thy Son.

LESSON XLI.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

WHAT would you do were your mother to fall down in a fainting fit? Would you stand still and scream, or run out of the house, and leave her lying half dead upon the floor?

Or would you have what people call "presence of mind"; that is, would you call for somebody to help her, and do all you could for her till they came? It is a great thing to have "presence of mind"; there are very few grown people who have it.

There are plenty of people who, when a bad accident happens, will crowd around the sick person, keep all the good fresh air away from him, wring their hands, and say oh! and ah! how shocking! how dreadful! But there are few who think to run quickly for a doctor, or bring a glass of water, or do any one of the thousand little things which would help so much to make the poor sufferer better.

If grown people do not think of these things, we certainly should not feel disappointed if children do not; and yet, wonderful though it may be, they are sometimes quicker witted, at such a

time, than their elders. I will tell you a story, to show you that it is so.

Andy Moore was a short, stunted, freckled, little country boy, as tough as a pine-knot. Sometimes he wore a cap and sometimes he did not; he was not at all particular about that; his shaggy red hair, he thought, protected his head well enough.

As for what people would think of it—he did not live in a city, where one's shoe-lacings are noticed; his home was in the country, and a very wild, rocky country it was. He knew much more about beavers, rattlesnakes, and birds' eggs than he did about fashions.

He liked to sit rocking on the top of a great tall tree, or to stand on a high hill, where the wind almost took him off his feet. Andy's house was a rough shanty on the side of a hill; it was built of mud, peat, and logs, with holes for windows. There was nothing very pleasant there.

Near the hut of Andy's father there was a railroad track; and Andy often watched the black engine with its long tail, as it came puffing past, belching out great clouds of steam and smoke, and screeching through the valleys and under the hills, like a mad thing. Although it went by the hut every day, yet he never wished to ride on it; he

had been content with lying on the sand-bank, watching it disappear in the distance, leaving a great wreath of smoke curling round the tree-tops.

One day, as Andy was strolling across the track, he saw that there was something wrong about it. He did not know much about railroad tracks, because he was, as yet, quite a little lad; but the rails seemed to be wrong somehow, and Andy had heard of cars being thrown off by such things. Just then he heard a low distant noise. Dear, dear! the cars were coming then! He was only a little boy, but perhaps he could stop them in some way; at any rate there was nobody else there to do it.

Andy never thought that he might get killed himself; but he went and stood straight in the middle of the track, just before the bad place on it, that I have told you about, and stretched out his little arms as far apart as he could. On, on came the cars, louder and louder. The engine-driver saw the boy on the track, and whistled for him to get out of the way. Andy never moved a hair's-breadth.

Again the engine whistled. Andy might have been made of stone for all the notice he took of it. Then the driver, of course, had to stop the train, saying something in a passion to Andy as he did

so "for not getting out of the way." But when Andy pointed to the track, and the man saw how the brave little fellow had not only saved his life, but the lives of all his passengers, his scolding, changed to blessing very quickly.

Everybody rushed out to see the horrible death they had escaped. Had the cars rushed over the bad track, they would have been tossed headlong, down the steep bank, into the river. Ladies kissed Andy's rough freckled face, and cried over him; and the gentlemen, as they looked at their wives and children, wiped their eyes and said, "God bless the boy."

And that is not all; they took out their purses and contributed a large sum of money for him; not that they could ever repay the service he had done them; they knew that; but to show him in some way, besides in mere words, that they felt grateful.

Now that boy had presence of mind. Good brave little Andy! The passengers all wrote down his name—Andy Moore—and the place he lived in; and if you wish to know where Andy is now, I will tell you. He is at college; and the people, whose lives he saved, pay his bills, and are going to see him safe through.

—*Fanny Fern.*

Word Exercise.

tough (*tuf*)	bea'ver	col'lege (*lej*)	passion
rough (*ruf*)	wreath	freckled	(*pash'un*)
en'gine (*jin*)	(*rēth*)	(*frĕk'kld*)	belch'ing
shag'gy	whistled	ac'ci-dent	stretched
strōll'ing	(*hwiss'ld*)	pas'sen-ger	screech'ing

Phrase Exercise.

1. Presence of mind.—2. Quicker witted.—3. The wind *took him off his feet.*—4. Like a mad thing.—5. Watching it disappear.—6. Stood *straight* in the *track.*—7. *Horrible* death.—8. Tossed headlong.—9. *Contributed a sum* of money.—10. Repay the service.—11. *Mere* words.—12. Pay his *bills.*

LESSON XLII.

THE SCARECROW AND THE ROBINS.

HE farmer looked at his cherry-tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he,
"If somebody only would show me how!

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow, grim,
With threatening arms and with bristling head;
And up in the tree I'll fasten him,
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow all tattered and torn,—
Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry-tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,
  The beautiful tree was a lovely sight;
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
  That the birds flew screaming away in fright.

But the robins, watching him day after day,
  With heads on one side and eyes so bright,
Surveying the monster, began to say,
  "Why should this fellow our prospects blight?

"He never moves round for the roughest weather,
  He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow.
Let's all go into the tree together,
  For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair
  'Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
  And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
  In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,
That, half-concealed on his ragged breast,
  Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red,
  A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole long day on the ripe food, fed.
  'Twas so convenient! they saw no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly,
  All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the guy
  For a robin's flourishing family!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

LESSON XLIII.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold
  Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
  No lark more blithe than he;

And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,—
"I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong my friend!" said old King Hal,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For, could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm a king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill, that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

—*Charles Mackay.*

LESSON XLIV.

SHAPES OF SNOW-FLAKES.

"O, FATHER!" said Ethel, as Mr. Ray came in to tea one winter evening; "your coat is covered with snow. I will brush it off for you." So Ethel hurried to get the brush, and soon her little hands were at work, though she had to stand on tip-toe to reach her father's shoulder.

"Why, father, this flake is shaped just like a

star! And here are more that look like stars, only some of the points are broken."

"Yes, my daughter; all the flakes of this storm have the same shape."

"Are snow-flakes always of the same shape, father?" said Paul, who had followed his sister into the hall.

"No, my son; they are of many different forms. How would you like to have a talk about snow-flakes after supper?" A clapping of hands from both the children showed their pleasure at the prospect.

Ethel then ran for her father's slippers, and they all went in to tea. After it was over, Mr. Ray brought his magnifying-glass, a pencil, and some paper, and the family gathered round the table. Having caught some flakes on a piece of black cloth, Mr. Ray told the children to use the glass quickly. They did so, and saw plainly the fine white stars, which soon melted, however, in the warm room.

Their father told them that star-shaped flakes do not fall in driving storms; even if they have that form at first, they lose it by dashing against one another. The star-shaped crystals are seen only in gentle falls of snow or when a storm is

over and the last flakes are falling. If it gets colder or warmer during a storm, there is a change in the shape of the crystals.

When it is very cold, the crystals have the greatest beauty and variety of form. A traveller in the far North examined and drew several hundred different shapes. Snow-flakes have been called frozen flowers; and, indeed, the star-shaped crystals do look like pure white blossoms.

In reply to a question from Paul as to whether the snow was of any use, his father told him that it makes a warm cover for the ground, and serves as a blanket to keep the roots of plants and flowers from being frozen.

Word Exercise.

hur'ried	pen'cil	pleasure	pros'pect
shoulder	fro'zen	(*plezh'ur*)	va-ri'e-ty
(*shōl'der*)	blos'som	daughter	examined
clap'ping	slip'pers	(*daw'ter*)	(*egz-am'ind*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Different forms.—2. Showed their pleasure.—3. After it was over.—4. Brought his magnifying-glass.—5. *Driving* storms.—6. Variety of form.—7. In reply to a question.—8. Serves as a blanket.

This world is full of beauty, like other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

LESSON XLV.

THE LAZY FROG.

IT was such a pretty pool. Every sort of water-plant grew there, from the tall purple loose-strife and crimson willow-weed, to the creeping money-wort with its golden blossoms. The great white water-lilies liked to lay their sleepy heads on its calm, clear surface, and forget-me-nots nestled along its banks.

In the evening, the May-flies could not resist the pleasure of dancing there, though they knew it might be a dance of death, for were there not numerous pink-spotted trout watching for them below, and ready to dart on them at a moment's notice?

One evening, at sunset, a lively little trout was employing himself in this way with great success, when he observed an intelligent-looking frog, sitting on the bank, half in the water and half out, and croaking.

"Why don't you come right in?" called the trout. "You can't think how lovely it is. And the May-flies are just in perfection; come along!"

"No, thank you," said the frog; "I'd rather not."

"Perhaps you can't swim?" suggested the trout.

"Can't I though!" answered the frog. "Let me tell you, that when human beings try to swim, it's me they imitate, not you!"

"I should think not," said the trout; "why, the poor things haven't got any fins! Well, come along, Froggie, and let's see how you perform."

"No, thank you," said the frog again, "I had enough of the pond when I was a young thing, with a large head. I am too old to make such exertions now."

"Too old! too lazy, you mean."

"That's rude," said the frog.

The trout darted upwards and caught a fine May-fly, then dived, and presently appeared again, saying in a gentler tone,—

"Are you hungry, old fellow?"

"Very," answered the frog.

"Don't you like May-flies?"

"Rather! Don't you see I keep opening my mouth, in hopes one will fly in by mistake?"

"You might wait long enough," said the trout, "though your mouth is pretty wide;" and with that he swam away.

Early the next morning, before the dew was off the ground, a sparrow in search of worms observed the frog sitting in the same spot.

"Why don't you come right out, and look for your breakfast, Froggie?" said she.

"Much too early to bestir oneself," answered the frog.

"Perhaps you can't hop?" said the sparrow.

"Can't I though!" said the frog. "If I chose, I could hop a good deal farther than you."

"If you can hop, why don't you have a try for that bluebottle sitting on the thistle near you?"

"I'll open my mouth wide," said the frog, "and perhaps he may come in. Why, there he goes, right away. What an unlucky fellow I am, to be sure!"

"Dear me!" said the sparrow; "do you call that being unlucky? I'm sure my nestlings at home open their mouths wide enough, but nothing ever drops into them but what I put there. But I must be off."

That evening, when the trout came up for his supper, there sat the frog in the same place.

"Good-evening, Froggie," he said. "How many flies have popped down your throat since I saw you last? Not many, I'm afraid. Why you are getting thin; your yellow skin hangs quite loose, and your eyes look positively goggle!"

"Personal remarks are never in good taste,"

answered the frog; and as he showed no inclination to continue the conversation, the trout went about his own affairs.

Next morning the sparrow appeared again, and there sat the frog as before.

"Halloo! Froggie," cried she, "you there still! What are you waiting for?"

"I am waiting for Providence to send a fly," replied the frog; but this time he spoke slowly, for he was beginning to feel weak and hungry.

"Providence only helps those who help themselves," said the sparrow. "I don't believe a fly will be sent."

"I certainly am most unlucky," said the frog, "considering the number of flies that pass this way; and not one of them comes in, though I open my mouth so wide that my jaws ache."

The sparrow hopped up to him and looked at him for a moment with her head on one side.

"Well, you *are* a queer fish!" she said.

"I'm not a fish at all," replied the frog, with calm dignity; and the sparrow picked up a fine worm, and flew off to her nestlings.

After she was gone the frog observed a little blue butterfly sitting on a blade of grass near. The pangs of hunger induced him to stretch his

yellow neck for it, but so slowly that the blue butterfly had time to escape. "Just like my luck!" said the frog. "What's the use of exerting oneself? Nothing ever comes of it. How weak I feel, to be sure! I think it's the effort of holding my mouth open so long that knocks me up. I'll go to sleep."

But he had scarcely closed his eyes when a rustling sound close to him made him open them. There, between him and the sunlight, loomed a dark figure with cruel eyes. It was the great shrike, or butcher-bird. Poor Froggie! While he was thinking what an unlucky fellow he was, the butcher-bird pounced on him, and put an end to his existence; after which she deposited him on a thorn, till she should feel inclined to eat him.

"Well, Froggie, you there still!" cried the trout when he came up in the evening. "Why, he's gone! What's become of him—fairly starved out?"

"Killed and spitted," said the sparrow, who, concealed in a bush, had watched the whole proceeding.

"Poor fellow," said the trout, "I was afraid it might end so."

The sparrow went home and told her young ones all poor Froggie's history, impressing on

them that it was of no use to be able to hop well, or to be a fine swimmer, if one only sat all day on a bank; that dinners didn't drop into people's mouths, however wide open they might be; and that the sooner they could manage to fetch their own worms the better she should be pleased

Word Exercise.

ache (*ake*)	lil'ies	crimson	exertion
throat	notice	(*krim'zn*)	(*egz-er'shun*)
thistle	(*nō'tis*)	butch'er	suggested
(*this'sl*)	nestled	rus'tling	(*sug-jest'ed*)
though (*thō*)	(*nĕs'sld*)	croak'ing	con-ceal' (*seal*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Resist the pleasure.—2. *Observed an intelligent-looking* frog.—3. *How lovely* it is.—4. May-flies are *just in perfection.* —5. Too *early to bestir* oneself.—6. *Right away.*—7. Look positively goggle.—8. Showed no inclination.—9. Went about his own *affairs.*—10. *You are a queer fish.*—11. Replied with calm dignity.—12. *Pangs* of hunger.—13. Knocks me up.—14. *Loomed* a dark figure.—15. Put an end to his existence.—16. *Watched* the whole *proceeding.*

WHENE'ER a duty waits for thee,
With some judgment view it,
And never idly wish it done,—
Begin at once and do it.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

LESSON XLVI.

JOHNNY'S PRIVATE ARGUMENT.

A POOR little tramp of a doggie one day,
  Low-spirited, weary, and sad,
From a crowd of rude urchins ran limping away,
  And followed a dear little lad,
Whose round, chubby face, with the merry eyes blue,
Made doggie think, "Here is a good boy and true!"

So, wagging his tail and expressing his views
  With a sort of affectionate whine,
Johnny knew he was saying, "Dear boy, if you choose
  To be any dog's master, be mine."
And Johnny's blue eyes opened wide with delight,
And he fondled the doggie and hugged him tight.

But alas! on a day that to Johnny was sad,
  A newspaper notice he read,
"Lost! a dog—limped a little, and also he had
  A spot on the top of his head.
Whoever returns him to me may believe
A fair compensation he'll surely receive."

Johnny didn't want money, not he; 'twasn't that
  That made him sit down to think,
And brought a grave look to his rosy face fat,
  And made those blue eyes of his wink
To keep back the tears that were ready to flow,
As he thought to himself, "must the dear doggie go?"

'Twas an argument Johnny was holding just there
With his own little conscience so true.
"It is plain," whispered conscience, "that if you'd be fair,
There is only one thing you can do;
Restore to his owner the dog; don't delay,
But attend to your duty at once, and to-day!"

No wonder he sat all so silent and still,
Forgetting to fondle his pet—
The poor little boy thinking hard with a will—
While thought doggie, "What makes him forget,
I wonder, to frolic and play with me now,
And why does he wear such a sorrowful brow?"

Well, how did it end? Johnny's battle was fought,
And the victory given to him;
The dearly-loved pet to his owner was brought,
Tho' it made little Johnny's eyes dim.
But a wag of his tail doggie gives to this day,
Whenever our Johnny is passing that way.

—*Mary D. Brine.*

LESSON XLVII.

A TRUE HERO.

In a certain Cornish mine, two men, deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being

hoisted up. One at a time was all the assistant at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the fuse, and then mount with all speed.

Now it chanced, while they were still below, that one of them thought the fuse too long. He accordingly tried to cut it shorter. Taking a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp, he succeeded in cutting it the required length; but, horrible to relate, he kindled it at the same time, while both were still below! Both shouted vehemently to the man at the windlass; both sprang into the bucket. The man could not move it with both in it.

Here was a moment for poor Miner Jack and Miner Will! Instant, horrible death hangs over them. Will generously resigns himself. "Go aloft Jack; sit down; away! in one minute I shall be in heaven!"

Jack bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruising his face as he looks over, but he is safe above ground.

And what of poor Will? Descending eagerly, they find him as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him. He is little injured. He too is brought up safe. Well done, brave Will!

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Word Exercise.

sig'nal	arched	fuse (*fūz*)	bruising
hoist'ed	engaged	wind'lass	(*brūz'ing*)
Corn'ish	(*en-gājd*)	suc-ceed'ed	mir'a-cle

Phrase Exercise.

1. Down in a *shaft.*—2. Completed their affair.—3. The *assistant* could *manage* one.—4. Horrible to relate.—5. Shouted vehemently.—6. *Generously resigns* himself.—7. The explosion instantly follows.—8. Descending eagerly.

LESSON XLVIII.

FABLES FROM ÆSOP.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.—A dog made his bed in a manger, and lay snarling and growling, to keep the horses from their hay. "See," said one; "what a mean cur! He cannot eat the hay himself, nor will he allow those to eat it who can."

THE VIPER AND THE FILE.—A viper in a smith's shop began looking about for something to eat. Seeing a file, he went and bit at it; but the file bade him let it alone, saying, "You are likely to get little from me, whose business it is to bite others."

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.—A certain man had a goose that laid him a golden egg

every day. But not content with so slow an income, and thinking to seize the whole treasure at once, he killed the goose. On cutting her open, he found her—just what any other goose would be! *Much wants more and loses all.*

THE LITTLE FISH.—A fisherman was drawing

up a net full of all sorts of fish. The little ones escaped through the meshes of the net, but the great fish were all caught and hauled into the vessel. *A humble condition often brings safety.*

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.—A fox stole into a vineyard where the ripe, sunny fruit was trained

on high in a most tempting manner. He made many a spring after the luscious prize; but, failing in all his attempts, he muttered, as he retreated, "Well, what does it matter? The grapes are sour."

THE FOX AND THE LION.—A fox that had never seen a lion was so frightened when, by chance, he met one for the first time, that he almost died of fear. When he met him the second time, he was still afraid, but managed to hide his fear. When he saw him the third time, he was so bold that he went up to him and asked him how he did. *Too great freedom breeds contempt.*

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.—A troop of boys were playing at the edge of a pond, when, seeing a number of frogs in the water, they began to pelt them with stones. They had killed many of the poor creatures, when one, bolder than the rest, putting his head above the water, cried out to them, "Stop your cruel sports, my lads! What is play to you is death to us."

THE WOLF AND THE GOAT.—A wolf, seeing a goat feeding on the top of a high cliff where he could not reach her, begged her to come down lower, for fear she should miss her footing at that dizzy height.

"And, besides," said he, "the grass is far sweeter and more abundant here below." But the goat replied, "Excuse me; it is not for my dinner that you invite me, but for your own."

THE GNAT AND THE BULL.—A gnat that had been buzzing about the head of a bull at length

settled himself down upon his horn and begged his pardon for troubling him. "But if," says he, "my weight should at all disturb you, pray say so, and I will be off in a moment."

"O never trouble your head about that," says the bull, "for 'tis all one to me whether you go

or stay; and, to say the truth, I did not know you were there." *The smaller the mind, the greater the conceit.*

THE BOY AND THE FILBERTS.—A greedy boy put his hand into a pitcher where there were a great many filberts, and, grasping as many as he could, tried to get them out; but the narrow neck of the pitcher held him fast. Not willing to lose any of them, but unable to draw out his hand, he burst into tears. An honest fellow who stood by gave him this wise advice: "Grasp only half the quantity, and you will easily succeed."

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.—A shepherd-boy who watched his flock not far from a village used to amuse himself at times by crying out, "Wolf! wolf!" Twice or thrice his trick succeeded. The whole village came running out to his help. All the return they got, was to be laughed at for their pains. At last, one day, the wolf came indeed. The boy cried out in earnest; but his neighbors, thinking he was at his old tricks, paid no heed to his cries, and the wolf ate the sheep. So the boy learned, when it was too late, that liars are not believed even when they do tell the truth.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.—A hare mocked a tortoise for the slowness of his pace; but the

tortoise only laughed, and said that he would run against her, and beat her any day she would name. "Come on," said the hare; "you shall soon see what my feet are made of." So it was agreed that they should start at once.

The tortoise went off, jogging along at his usual steady pace without a moment's stop. The hare, thinking very lightly of the whole matter, said she would first take a little nap, and that she would soon overtake the tortoise.

Meanwhile, the tortoise plodded on; and the hare, oversleeping herself, arrived at the goal only to see that the tortoise had got in before her. *Slow and steady wins the race.*

Word Exercise.

arrived	vi'per	ex'cuse	conceit
mān'ger (*jer*)	hauled	(*kūs*)	(*kon-sēt'*)
treasure	es-caped'	tortoise	buz'zing
snarl'ing	vīne'yard	(*tor'tis*)	shep'herd

Phrase Exercise.

1. Mean cur.—2. A certain man.—3. Meshes of the net.—4. Humble condition.—5. Tempting manner.—6. Luscious prize.—7. Managed to hide.—8. Breeds contempt.—9. *Troop* of boys.—10. Miss her footing.—11. Never trouble your head about that.—12. To be laughed at.—13. Paid no heed.—14. Ran against her.—15. What my feet are made of.—16. Thinking *lightly*.—17. The tortoise *plodded on*.—18. Arrived at the goal.—19. Had got in before her.

LESSON XLIX.

LITTLE DANDELION.

GAY little dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above;
Wise little dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks
Clothed but in green,
Where, in the days agone,
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay;
True little dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little dandelion!
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little dandelion
Groweth more fair

Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high;
Faint little dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud!
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay;
Little winged dandelion
Soareth away.

—*Helen B. Bostwick.*

LESSON L.

STORY OF A DROP OF WATER.

UP among the hills there is a dell where a headlong little stream rests for a moment, after leaping from the rocks above, before it hurries on toward the sea.

It rests in a deep pool, so clear that you may count the pebbles at the bottom; and, when the sun shines, the little fish cast a shadow on the white stones. All round about, the ivy clings to the rocks; and, just near enough to the waterfall

to be sprinkled now and then with the spray, a wild convolvulus droops over the pool.

At the edge of one of the flower-bells I saw a drop of water hang, and it seemed as though the convolvulus were bending down an ear to listen to what the drop of water had to say.

I said to myself, "I will listen too; for if my ears are too dull for such a tiny voice, perhaps my heart can hear."

So I listened with my heart, and I will tell you what the drop of water seemed to be saying.

The convolvulus wanted to know all about the travels of the drop. "You restless little drop of water," it said, "where do you come from, and whither are you going? I sit here all the day, in the sunshine and the rain. I take thankfully what God gives me,

and I am very happy. I love the stream, and the rocks, and the blue sky overhead; they are all so good to me.

"But still, before I die, I should like to know what there is outside this little dell. The fishes never speak, and the birds only sing. It makes me glad to hear them; but they sing about nothing but their mates and their little ones, and something else that I cannot rightly understand, though they say I shall know all about it after I am dead.

"The bees come often to see me, but when I ask them about the world they say they know nothing about it; they have no time to think about anything but honey. So pray, little drop of water, tell me what you have seen."

And the little drop of water said, "Dear, beautiful flower, I will tell you all I know, for in all my travels I never met with any one fairer than you. But I must be quick, for there are thousands and thousands of us all having a race to the sea, and I cannot bear to be the last.

"I was born on a calm starlight night, and I found myself resting in the bosom of a daisy. I looked round. There were thousands upon

thousands just like myself, seeming to come out of the air, and to go to sleep on blades of grass and in the cups of flowers.

"I listened, and I heard a gurgling of water just below me, and then I could see that there was a tiny little rill pushing its way amongst the roots of the grass.

"Then there came a great light, and a little breeze went shivering all amongst the leaves and flowers. At that a thousand thousand sleepy drops woke up, and leaping into the little rill went hurrying along.

"I joined them, and we hastened on down glassy slopes facing the morning sun. I was so bright and glad then that I ran faster and faster, till I slid over a smooth broad stone, and found myself in a deep strong stream between high woody banks.

"Then, all at once, the world seemed to open out before me. For one moment I could look down a steep mountain height, and away over sunny fields, and waving woods, and curling smoke. For one moment only; then I was lost in a struggling, shouting, whirling maze of drops, that seemed to have lost their senses altogether.

"Some cried, 'On with you! away!' others cried, 'Back!' Some said, 'Here, this way!' others said, 'No, that way!' But not one of us could help himself at all. I was dashed against a hard rock, flung back again, whirled round and round, pushed under a shelving stone, and then I took a leap right into the air.

"Away I went; I was not at all frightened, you know, because this was just the sort of thing I was born for.

"So I flew down, down, down through the air, and I felt the sunbeams rattling against me all the way; and then they would spring back and dance round me in circles of green and gold, and red and blue. You can have no idea how delightful it was.

"But it was soon over, and then I found myself at the bottom of a waterfall, in a broad and quiet river. Here I travelled on more leisurely for some time. Then I was suddenly pushed into a narrow channel; and just as I was wondering how this was to end I was plunged into a deep dark hole, where I had to grope and stumble amongst the spokes of a great wheel that went splashing round and round.

"There was a grumbling noise like thunder

somewhere near, but I did not stop to find out what it was; I ran along as fast as I could, and was glad to find myself out in the broad river again.

"By-and-by we came to a town where large ships could float on the water. If you saw them you would wonder how little water-drops such as we are could bear them up; but I suppose we must be very strong, for we felt them no weight at all.

"'Now,' we said to one another, 'we shall soon reach the sea.' But that was not quite so easy as we supposed; for suddenly we met a vast host of salt-water drops marching straight against us.

"'Let us pass,' we said, 'for our home is in the sea.'

"But they would not listen; they came pouring along with resistless power, and drove us back for a mile or two.

"Then they suddenly turned and said, 'Come along—it was only our fun.'

"And so we all swept out together amongst the rolling ocean waves.

"Oh, it is a free and glorious life there! No banks to bind you in, no channels to force you this way or that. Rising and falling, rolling and swaying hither and thither, springing into the air,

playing with the sunbeams, and then plunging back into the heart of gloomy waves,—it is the heaven of water-drops, to which we are always trying to get back.

"But I was not to stay there long that time; a vast foaming billow shook me off from its crest. A gust of wind caught me and carried me aloft.

"Then I fainted in the hot sun, and I remember nothing more till I woke again on a bank of silver cloud that glided before the wind towards the distant hills. It was beautiful to see the white-sailed ships flitting over the water, and the shadows of the clouds racing over the broad bright surface.

"But, as we floated on, we left the glorious sea behind. Nearer and nearer came the hills, growing darker as we approached. Then a cold, wet wind met us, and we all shivered and shook; and as we shivered we began to fall, and knew that we were turned into a shower of rain.

"I fell into a rocky crevice, and groped my way along in the dark through many windings and turnings, till suddenly I felt a bustle and pushing all round me, and amongst a troop like myself I burst into the sunlight again, and raced after the rest round and round a rocky basin fringed with fern.

"After several mazy circles I found my way out, and was hurried along to the top of the fall that brought me to your feet.

"Farewell! farewell, little flower! Let me away to my heaven in the sea. God tells you to rest here, but to me he gives no rest except in the glorious sea. And so wherever I am, in cloud or rainbow, or stream or river, always the one thing I crave for is to get back to the sea."

Then the drop fell, and I could see him no more.

Word Exercise.

daisy	rōll'ing	leisure	push'ing
hurries	listened	(*lē'zhur*)	strug'gling
shadow	(*lis'snd*)	shiv'ered	de-light'ful
(*shăd'ō*)	mountain	chan'nels	won'der-ing
peb'bles	(*moun'tin*)	ap-proach'	con-vol'vu-lus

Phrase Exercise.

1. *Tiny* voice.—2. Cannot *rightly understand.*—3. *Calm* night.—4. *Bosom* of a daisy.—5. *Gurgling* of water.—6. *Sunny* fields.—7. *Maze* of drops.—8. *Shelving* stone.—9. Just the sort of thing.—10. *Quiet* river.—11. Suddenly pushed.—12. Grope and stumble.—13. Vast host.—14. Marching straight.—15. Resistless power.—16. *Swept out* together.—17. Rocky crevice.—18. *Fringed* with fern.

TEACH me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

—*Pope.*

High and low
The spring winds blow!
They take the kites that the boys have made,
And carry them off high into the air;
They snatch the little girls' hats away,
And toss and tangle their flowing hair.

LESSON LI.

HOW THE WINDS BLOW!

High and low
The spring winds blow!
They take the kites that the boys have made,
And carry them off high into the air;
They snatch the little girls' hats away,
And toss and tangle their flowing hair.

High and low
The summer winds blow!
They dance and play with the garden flowers,
And bend the grasses and yellow grain;
They rock the bird in her hanging nest,
And dash the rain on the window-pane.

High and low
The autumn winds blow!
They frighten the bees and blossoms away,
And whirl the dry leaves over the ground;
They shake the branches of all the trees,
And scatter ripe nuts and apples around.

High and low
The winter winds blow!
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hills a pathway clear;
They hurry the children along to school,
And whistle a song for the happy New Year.

LESSON LII.

THE ROOT.

A PLANT is not like an animal that can move about. It grows and stays in one place. What keeps it in that place? Its roots. These grow down into the ground, and there hold fast, so that any wind that comes along may not blow the plant over.

Now some plants, such as the carrot plant, have just one large root in the ground. Above ground the carrot plant is not high; it has no stem, and its few leaves grow right out of the top of the root. Even this one root has many fine hairlike roots growing out singly all around it. But most large plants, such as trees, and even small ones, such as tiny herbs, have branching roots. That is, the large root under ground spreads out into rootlets somewhat as the stem above ground spreads out into branches.

CARROT.

Look at this part of a stem with the roots below. Does it not look very much like the leg of a bird with its toes for holding fast? Only, a

bird has but three or at most four toes on a foot, while the plant has in *its* foot so many toes that they cannot be counted. And you can see how firmly the plant can cling to the earth with such a host of toes, and far-reaching claws,—the more so, as they are all closely packed into the ground.

Now let a gale come along, and the wind will not tear up the plant so easily. O, yes! a hurricane or a tornado will sometimes tear big trees out of the ground; but that does not often happen. Now this is one thing the root has to do; it has to hold the plant fast in its place.

But that is not all the root does—it has finer work than that to do. The plant gets a large part of its food from the ground; and how is it to get it from the ground, unless by the roots? They are in the ground, and they act on it. How do they act? They absorb the water from it, that is, suck it up; and with that water go other things into the root that the plant needs.

There is something very curious about the way these roots act. They seem to know what the

plant needs. The roots of one kind of plant will suck up out of the ground just what that kind of plant needs. The roots of some other kind of plant will absorb just what *that* plant needs.

The roots of all plants know just what to take in out of the ground, besides the water, of which they all take a great deal. And if a plant should be put in a soil that has not the food it needs, what can the poor roots do? They do not find their proper food, and so the plant grows sickly or dies.

How do roots get so deep into the earth, and grow all over and around big rocks and little? It is in this way. All the time that the tips of the rootlets are sucking up food for the plant, the roots are also growing at the end. As the young roots are very fine, they can pick their way easily enough, for they have nothing to do but to lie still and let more root—a very, very little all the time—grow on to their ends; and of course these little ends will go whichever way they like or can.

Word Exercise.

ti′ny	car′rot	spreads	tor-nā′do
ab-sorb′	hap′pen	branch′es	hur′ri-cane

Phrase Exercise.

1. Can *move about.*—2. Hold *fast.*—3. Growing *singly.*—4. They *cannot be counted.*—5. *Host* of toes.—6. Let a gale come along.—7. Very curious.—8. Grows sickly.

LESSON LIII.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call, in his merry note:
"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee."

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves if you can!
Chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple—a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might;
"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food.
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:—
"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:—

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,—
"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

—*W. C. Bryant.*

LULLABY.

SWEET and low, sweet and low
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—*Tennyson.*

LESSON LIV.

THE LEAF.

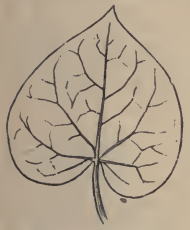
WE think of a leaf as something thin and broad, its edges as smoothly rounded, prettily scalloped, or nicely toothed, and that its color is of a pleasing green. Many plants have leaves shaped somewhat like the apple leaf. This shape is called oval. On some plants these oval leaves are smooth on the edge; on others the edges are toothed, like the leaves of the chestnut-oak.

LEAF OF APPLE.

LEAF OF CHESTNUT-OAK.

The leaves of some plants are coarsely toothed; on other plants the teeth are very fine. Many herbs, such as the asters and golden-rods of our woods, as well as the wild sun-flowers, have not only leaves with both coarse and fine teeth, but also have many small leaves with smooth edges, all on the same plant. A leaf may be a very long oval, or a very short and broad one, and some leaves are almost round.

Then, again, there are leaves of a heart shape. Some morning-glory plants have such leaves. Many plants have scalloped leaves. Nearly all our Canadian oaks have such leaves.



MORNING-GLORY LEAF.

LEAF OF OAK.

Here is a leaf of a very curious shape, and a pretty leaf it is. It grows on very large and tall trees, called *tulip* trees, so named because they have large flowers shaped somewhat like a tulip. These splendid trees grow in some parts of Canada and the United States.

LEAF OF TULIP TREE.

The willow has long lance-shaped leaves, and our maple trees have very handsome leaves, somewhat star-shaped. These are only a few of all the countless leaves in the world, whose shapes are so many and so different that a large book would not hold pictures of them all.

WILLOW LEAF.

Leaves are for the most part thin and broad. Being thin they are light, and a tree with its many little branches can

hold thousands upon thousands of them and not break down. Being broad, they can touch a good deal of air; and that is just what the plant wants them to do. It wants them to take in from the air all the food they can.

And how do the leaves do this? By a kind of *breathing*. A leaf has a skin on each side of it, and the skin on the lower side has a great many fine holes. There are many thousands of such fine holes in the skin of a leaf; and through these holes the air gets inside of the leaf. There a part of the air joins the sap or juice that has come up from the roots, and the two together make the food on which the whole plant feeds.

Now you can see why the leaves are broad and thin. They are thin, so that the plant can have a great many and not break down; and they are broad, so that much air can get into them. The air is fluid, and yields; and so the leaves can come out on the plant wherever they like, because the air gives way.

When the wind blows, the leaves bend and flutter about, but they hold fast to the branches by their tough little stalks; and if a few of the weaker ones do blow off, it does not matter much, for the plant has plenty more left. The firm,

round trunk hardly moves, and the strong round branches bend over, but do not break; while the roots in the ground below hold everything fast.

There are plants, however, that have very slender, needle-like leaves. All the many different kinds of pines have such leaves, which for the most part hang from the trees in bunches. The asparagus plant, the young shoots of which we eat, has thread-like leaves that come out on the stems in round clusters. There are many other plants with leaves not thicker than pins; and some plants have very short and thick leaves.

The little stalks by which leaves are attached to branches are not all alike. Some are round and somewhat stiff and do not allow their leaves to move about much. Others are not so stiff and their leaves have more motion. The leaf-stalks of the poplar are flat and thin, so the poplar leaf trembles with the least breath of air. This explains the pretty, fluttering, tremulous motion of the poplar that we all so much admire upon a summer's evening.

Word Exercise.

ăs'ter	cōarse'ly	chestnut	dif'fer-ent
tū'lip	toothed	(*ches'nut*)	flut'ter-ing
pop'lar	ū-nīt'ed	attached	scalloped
ex-plains'	trem'u-lous	(*at-tacht'*)	(*skol'lupt*)

LESSON LV.

SONG OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here, where the children play,
In the light and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and silent bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I'll raise
To HIM at whose command
I beautify the land—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

—*Sarah Roberts.*

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—*G. L. Lanks.*

LESSON LVI.

THE FLOWER.

WHY do we all like flowers so much? It is because of their pretty shapes and lovely colors; while the sweet odors that many of them give out endear them to us still more.

What is the shape of flowers? O, flowers have a great many shapes. There are as many shapes to flowers as there are shapes to leaves. But then you can almost always tell a flower from a leaf by its form alone, even if you do not know its color.

FLOWER OF BUTTERCUP.

Here is a picture of a leaf and of a flower. Now you know very well which is the leaf and which is the flower, although you see no color. How is this? You see that the leaf is *one* little blade only, but that the flower has several little blades standing round in a ring.

LEAF OF MAPLE.

LILY-FLOWER.

A vast number of plants have flowers like the lily. Some have only three blades in a ring, some

have four, some five, some six, some seven, eight, nine, ten, or a great many more.

These little blades are called *petals*. Flowers with five petals, as you see in the picture of the buttercup above, are very plentiful. Now you see, the petals standing round in a ring make a kind of round form. And do you know, there is something *round*, about almost every flower? If the little blades do not stand exactly in a ring, they are almost sure to be fastened to a little round bag, or to a tube somewhat like a quill.

Then, again, the little blades may not stand apart from one another, but they may be all joined together, making the flower hollow like a cup, as the flower of a morning-glory, which is a deep kind of cup, or much the shape of a bell, with notches in the rim. There are leaves, too, like those of the Nasturtium, that are quite round, but then they are not hollow or cup-shaped, like a flower. They are flat. You would never mistake them for a flower.

FLOWER OF MORNING-GLORY.

Look into some flowers and you will see little thread-like things, usually of a yellow color,

standing round in a ring. In many plants, they stand right up from the bottom of the flower, as in the buttercup. On the end of each is a little hollow knob, about as big as a pin-head or larger; but it is not so round. These little knobs are mostly narrow and long—that is, oblong. This thread with the little knob is called a *stamen.*

If you will look into some other flowers, you will not see these stamens; but instead, you will see, standing up right in the centre, other little thread-like things. There may be only one, or there may be two, three, four, five, or many more, in one flower. They look somewhat like the stamens, but they are not usually so yellow, and the knobs, if they have any, are generally rounder, much like a small bead in shape. These little threads with the round knobs are called *pistils.* The morning-glory has only one pistil, but the rose and the buttercup have a great many.

Now, it is in the bottom of the pistil, that the young seed grows. Already, while the lovely flower adorns the beautiful day, the young seed, so small that it cannot be seen, is beginning to grow inside the flower, at the bottom of the pistil. And after the petals of the flower drop off or wilt, the seed goes on to grow until it gets ripe,

while the bottom of the flower, usually green and hard, grows around the seed, and makes the fruit.

FLOWER OF PUMPKIN-VINE.

Look at the large, yellow, bell-shaped flower of the pumpkin-vine. There it is at first, with its pistil of three knobs, gladdening the daylight with its beautiful color, and ants, bees, wasps, and butterflies go in to suck the sweets; while all the time the young fruit is growing at the bottom. By and by the flower withers, drops off, and where the flower was, there now grows and ripens the big pumpkin.

But there are other flowers on the pumpkin-vine. They, too, are large, yellow, bell-shaped and beautiful, but when *they* drop off, no fruit comes after them and takes their places. Then what are they for? Ah! there is a question! Look into those flowers and you will see stamens, but no pistils. Such flowers cannot bear fruit. No seed grows in a stamen.

Then, pray, what are stamens for? There is a very curious plan about stamens and pistils. In those very knobs of the stamens there grows a fine dust. That dust, when it is ripe, works out of the knobs, and when wasps, butterflies, or other

little creatures go into the flower, they rub against the knobs, and the dust sticks to them. Presently they go into another pumpkin-flower, perhaps one that has a pistil. Of course, they are very likely to rub against that too. Then the fine dust—called *pollen*—which the insect brought from the stamen in the other flower, rubs off on to one of those knobs of the pistil.

Then it is, and not till then, that the unseen seed begins to grow in the bottom of the pistil. The pollen had to come from the stamen, or no seed would have grown in the pistil. So you see, stamens have work to do. From their knobs they yield the pollen, and that pollen must in some way get to the pistils, or no fruit will come.

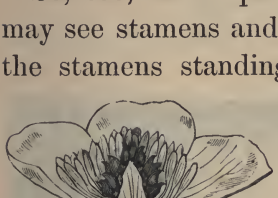
Very many plants have both pistils and stamens in the self-same flower. In such flowers the pistil is in the middle, and the stamens usually grow around it in a circle. Did you ever see an apple blossom? That has the pistil with the stamens standing round it. The pollen from the stamens gets on to the pistil, and only then does the little apple begin to grow.

SECTION OF APPLE-BLOSSOM.

After sweetening the air with their perfume for

a few days, the little rosy blades or petals of the flower drop off, the young apple, not as big as a bead, grows bigger and bigger, and by the time the autumn comes round there hangs on the tree a fine pippin. Remember stamens and pistils made that apple grow.

So, too, in the picture of the buttercup, you may see stamens and pistils in the same flower, the stamens standing around the pistils; only the pistils do not have long slender threads, but are little cases growing close to the centre of the flower. But, as in the apple, so in the buttercup, the pollen of the stamen must fall upon the pistil, before the seed can begin to form.



SECTION OF BUTTERCUP-FLOWER.

Word Exercise.

*k*nob	circle	pet'als	with'ers
ro'sy (*zy*)	(*sir'kl*)	pis'tils	glad'den
hol'low	centre	pol'len	pres'ent
notch'es (*ez*)	(*sen'ter*)	sta'men	(*prez*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. Lovely colors.—2. *Tell* a flower.—3. *Make a kind* of round *form.*—4. *Like* those of the Nasturtium.—5. Thread-like things.—6. Stand *right up.*—7. *Usually so* yellow.—8. *Adorns* the day.—9. So small that it cannot be seen.—10. Curious plan.—11. Sweetening the air.—12. Autumn *comes round.*

LESSON LVII.

THE CHOICE OF TRADES.

FIRST BOY.

WHEN I'm a man,
I'll be a farmer, if I can.
I'll plough the ground, and the seed I'll sow;
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow;

I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll rake the hay,
And pitch it up in the mow away,—
When I'm a man.

SECOND BOY.

When I'm a man,
I'll be a carpenter, if I can.
I'll plane like this, and I'll hammer so;
And this is the way my saw shall go;
I'll make bird-houses, and boxes and boats,
And a ship that shall race every vessel that floats,—
When I'm a man.

THIRD BOY.

When I'm a man,
I'll be a blacksmith, if I can.
Clang, clang, clang! shall my anvil ring;
And this is the way the blows I'll swing;
I'll shoe your horse, sir, neat and tight;
And trot down the lane to see if it's right,—
When I'm a man.

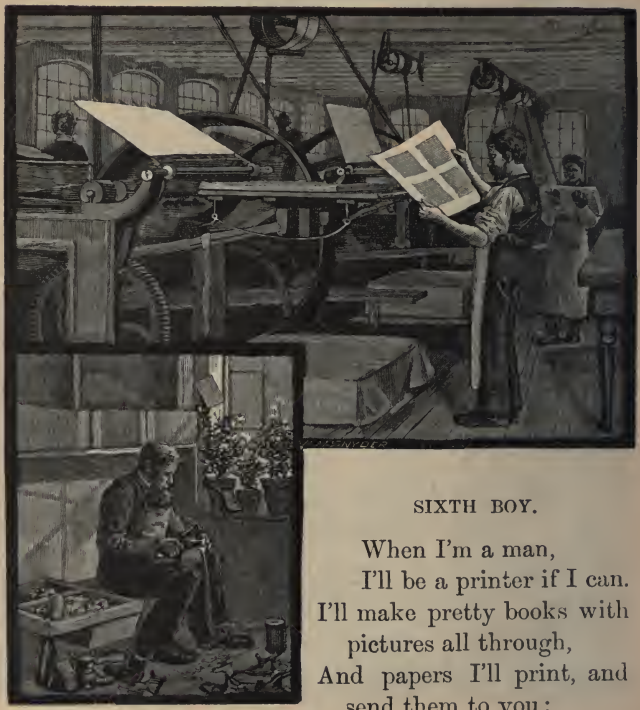
FOURTH BOY.

When I'm a man,
I'll be a mason, if I can.
I'll lay a brick this way, and lay one that;
Then take my trowel and smooth them flat;
Great chimneys I'll make,—I think I'll be able
To build one as high as the Tower of Babel,—
When I'm a man.

FIFTH BOY.

When I'm a man,
I'll be a shoemaker, if I can.

I'll sit on a bench with my last held so,
And in and out shall my needle go;
I'll sew so strong that my work shall wear,
Till nothing is left but my stitches there,—
When I'm a man.



SIXTH BOY.

When I'm a man,
I'll be a printer if I can.
I'll make pretty books with pictures all through,
And papers I'll print, and send them to you;
I'll have the first reading,—O won't it be fun
To read all the stories before they are done?
When I'm a man.

TOGETHER.

When we are men,
We hope to do great things; and then,
Whatever we do this thing we'll say:
"We'll do our work in the very best way."
And you shall see, if you know us then,
We'll be good and honest and useful men,
When we are men.

LESSON LVIII.

THE FRUIT.

If you cut open an apple, you will find, inside, the seeds. These seeds first began to grow in the bottom of the pistils of the flower. The little pink petals, and the little threads of stamens, dropped off; and after that, the little young seeds still went on to grow, and around them, also grew larger and thicker the green and harder part of the flower, which was below and outside of the little colored petals.

As the young seeds went on growing, and the lower part of the flower went on growing too, at last the big, round apple began to ripen, and the seeds inside of it ripened too. Now, of what use was all that part of the apple around the seeds? You will say,—"O, it grew there for us to eat."

But it did not grow there merely for us to eat. The apple, all the time it was getting ripe, was a kind of house for the seeds. It kept them snug from the weather, and no doubt kept off many a bug and fly. And when the tender little seeds at last got ripe, and had a good tough skin around them, they could begin to take pretty good care of themselves.

This house for the seeds we call the fruit. No matter whether you can eat that fruit or not, it is still the fruit of the plant. There are thousands of plants which bear fruits that nobody ever eats.

We must not make a mistake and call those things fruits which are not fruits. Common potatoes are not fruits. They are tubers, that is, large swellings of the underground stems of the potato-plant. When you cut open a potato, you find no seeds. But the potato-plant *has* seeds. It has flowers, fruit, and seed, all above ground; but the plant is usually cut away before the fruit and seed can ripen. It is only those large round lumps, which we call potatoes, that the gardener cares about; and they are the only thing about the whole potato-plant that we care to eat.

It is different with the tomato-plants. They have no tubers, but they bear those beautiful fruits

which we call tomatoes. When you break open a tomato, what do you see? A host of seeds. That shows you it is a fruit. Now a potato-plant and a tomato-plant are very much alike. They are like sisters in the same family. But of the one plant we eat the fruit, and of the other we eat—not the root—but a swelling or tuber that grows underground.

The sweet-potato is not a fruit. It is a large tuber or swelling on the root of the sweet-potato plant; and this plant has flowers and fruit much like those of its sister, the morning-glory plant. Still you see, this sister, the morning-glory plant, has no tubers or swellings on its roots; but it has most lovely flowers. Thus the one sister has excellent tubers which we like to eat, and the other has most beautiful flowers which we all like to look at.

Remember, then, it is not always the fruit of a plant which we eat; but the fruit of a plant is that which holds the seed. A bean-pod is the fruit of a bean-plant; and, when the pod gets ripe and dry, it splits open, and there, inside, are the ripe seeds, the beans, ready to drop out. Just so it is with peas. The peas are the seeds of the pea-plant, and they grow inside of the pea-pod, which is the fruit.

Fruits have many shapes; but almost every fruit is somewhat round in form. You can think of apples, pears, cherries, plums, peaches, oranges, lemons, grapes, watermelons, pumpkins, cucumbers, currants, gooseberries, cranberries, huckleberries, walnuts, and hickory-nuts with their husks or thick skins, and cocoanuts with very thick husks.

But then there are many fruits not so round as these. Maple-trees have fruits shaped like this. They are called keys. The two seeds inside are close together, and near the stalk; and out from each thick round part where the seed is, grows a thin blade or wing. After the fruit is ripe it comes off the tree, and away goes the key sailing through the air.

MAPLE-TREE FRUIT.

An acorn is a fruit with a cup. Some plants have fruit like a little box. The lid opens when the fruit is ripe, and the seeds drop out. The common purslane, in almost every garden, has such a fruit. In this picture you see the seeds piled up inside, and the lid about to fall off.

ACORN.

POD AND SEED OF PURSLANE.

So you see, that while leaves and flowers have many shapes, fruits have many shapes also.

Word Exercise.

tū'ber	colored	lem'ons	ripened
orange (*ŏnj*)	(*kŭl'lŭrd*)	weather	(*rī'pend*)
cher'ries	cur'rants	(*weth'er*)	purs'lane
ex'cel-lent	po-ta'toes	wal'nuts	cucumber
beau'ti-ful (*bu*)	to-mā'toes	(*wall*)	(*kū'kum-ber*)

Phrase Exercise.

1. *Went on* to grow.—2. It kept them snug.—3. The gardener *cares about*.—4. Somewhat round in form.—5. Grows a *thin blade*.—6. Goes *sailing* through the air.

LESSON LIX.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,—
Yes, forever and a day,—
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

—*Longfellow.*

WHAT is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.

—*Thackeray.*

LESSON LX.

THE SEED.

A YOUNG seed is like a little child, and the plant on which it grows is its mother. The plant takes care of the little seed. It feeds it and gives it a little house to grow in. That house is the fruit. The seed and the fruit cannot feed themselves. This is done by the mother plant, which by its roots takes food from the ground, and by its leaves takes other food from the air.

When the seed gets into good ground, and the weather is kind, a tiny young plant will grow out of it. This plant will take root in the earth, send up stem and branches into the air, and clothe itself with beautiful leaves. Thus, that little seed, that once clung to its mother as it was growing in its little house, the fruit, becomes, in its turn, a fine and handsome plant.

It grows larger and stronger, and at last it is ready to put forth flowers. Then if all its flowers have stamens only, and no pistils, it can have no fruit. But if some or all of its flowers have pistils, it can have fruit. The seeds will grow where the pistils were, and with the seeds will come the fruit.

And so it goes on. One plant will grow up, have flowers, fruit, and seed. From that seed a like plant will grow. The seed of an apple will grow into an apple tree. The seed of a rose will grow to be a rose-bush. A grain of wheat will grow up to be a large fine grass. That grass is the noble wheat-plant. And so it is with all plants. Each plant has its own kind of seed; and this seed will grow to be a plant like itself.

Seeds, as well as flowers and fruits, are of many shapes. Very many seeds are round, like the pea. A great many grasses and other plants have very small round seeds, some not larger than grains of sand. Then there are oval seeds, like beans, and thin and flat seeds, as you find in a water-melon or in a pumpkin. Some seeds have silken plumes, and when they get out of the fruit, they go sailing far and wide through the air, like those of thistles and dandelions.

No matter how small, or how large the seed is, or what its shape, inside of its snug covering lies a little plant asleep. It may be ever so small, still it is there. When it falls into good ground, and water and heat and light come to it, the seed will sprout; and this sprout is the little plant that was asleep inside of it, now growing out into root, stem, branch, and leaf.

LESSON LXI.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me;

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

—*Rev. H. F. Lyte.*

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